

Frontispiece



H. Roberts Fecit

Frontispiece



H. Roberts Fecit

L E T T E R S

OF

A B E L A R D

AND

E L O I S A.

With a particular Account of their

LIVES, AMOURS, *and* MISFORTUNES.

By JOHN HUGHES, Esq.

To which are added,

S E V E R A L P O E M S,

By Mr. POPE, and other Authors.

ILLUSTRATED BY COPPER-PLATES.

L O N D O N:

Printed for W. LOWNDES, B. LAW, T. LONGMAN,
R. BALDWIN, and J. BEW.

M.DCC.LXXXVIII.

LETTER

TO THE

EDITOR

OF THE

NEW YORK

TRIBUNE

AND

OF THE

NEW YORK

TRIBUNE

AND

P R E F A C E.

IT is generally allowed, by all who have read the Letters of Abeldard and Eloisa in the original, that they are written with the greatest passion of any of this kind extant; and it is certain, that the Letters from a Nun to a Cavalier, which have so long been known and admired among us, are in all respects inferior to them. Whatever those were, these are known to be genuine epistles, occasioned by an amour which had very extraordinary consequences, and made a great noise at the time when it happened, being between two of the most distinguished persons of that age.

These letters therefore being truly written by the persons, whose names they bear, and who were both remarkable for their genius and learning, as well as by a most extravagant passion for each other, are every where full of sentiments of the heart (which are not to be imitated in a feigned story) and touches of nature much more moving than any which could

flow from the pen of a writer of novels, or enter into the imagination of any who had not felt the like emotions and distresses.

They were originally written in Latin, and are extant in a collection of the works of Abelard, printed at Paris in the year 1616, a book consisting chiefly of school divinity, and of the learning of those times, and therefore being rarely to be met with but in public libraries, and in the hands of some learned men, the letters of Abelard and Eloisa are much more known by a translation in French, first published at the Hague in 1693, and which afterwards received several other more complete editions. This translation is much applauded, but who was the author of it is not certainly known. Monsieur Bayle says, he had been informed it was done by a woman; and perhaps he thought no one besides could have entered so thoroughly into the passion and tenderness of such writings, for which that sex seems to have a more natural disposition than the other. This may be judged by the letters themselves, among which those of Eloisa are the most tender and moving, and the master seems in this particular to have been excelled by the scholar.

In some of the later editions in French, there has been prefixed to the letters an historical account of
Abelard

P R E F A C E.

v

Abelard and Eloisa; this is chiefly extracted from the preface of the Editor of Abelard's works in Latin, and from the Critical Dictionary of Monsieur Bayle, who has put together, under several articles, all the particulars he was able to collect concerning these two famous persons: And though the first letter of Abelard to Philintus, in which he relates his own story, may seem to have rendered this account in part unnecessary; yet the reader will not be displeased to see the thread of the relation intire, and continued to the death of the persons whose misfortunes had made their lives so very remarkable.

It is indeed impossible to be unmoved at the surprising and multiplied afflictions and persecutions which besel a man of Abelard's fine genius, when we see them so feelingly described by his own hand. Many of these were owing to the malice of such as were his enemies on the account of his superior learning and merit; yet the great calamities of his life took their rise from his unhappy indulgence of a criminal passion, and giving himself a loose to unwarrantable pleasures. After this he was perpetually involved in sorrow and distress, and in vain sought for ease and quiet in a monastic life. The letters between him and his beloved Eloisa were not written till long after their marriage and separation, and when each of them was dedicated to a life of religion.

gion. Accordingly we find in them surprizing mixtures of devotion and tenderness, of penitence and remaining frailty, and a lively picture of human nature in its contrarieties of passion and reason, its infirmities and its sufferings.

This edition is rendered more compleat than any of the preceding.

C O N T E N T S.

THE History of Abelard and Eloisa. — Page 1

L E T T E R S.

I. Abelard to Philintus.	—	—	page 53
II. Eloisa to Abelard.	—	—	page 74
III. Abelard to Eloisa.	—	—	page 97
IV. Eloisa to Abelard.	—	—	page 118
V. Eloisa to Abelard.	—	—	page 133
VI. Abelard to Eloisa.	—	—	page 147

P O E M S.

I. Eloisa to Abelard, by Mr. Pope.	—	—	page 160
II. Abelard to Eloisa, by Mrs. Madan.			page 172
III. Abelard to Eloisa, by Mr. Cawthorne.			page 178
IV. Abelard to Eloisa, by an unknown Hand.	—	—	page 189
V. Abelard to Eloisa, by Mr. S. Birch.			page 193
VI. Abelard to Eloisa, by Mr. Seymour.			page 205
VII. On Mr. Pope's Epistle of Eloisa to Abelard, by Mr. Seymour.	—	—	page 219

DIREC-

DIRECTIONS FOR THE PLATES.

Nº 1.	—	—	to face the Title.
2.	—	—	page 12
3.	—	—	14
4.	—	—	16
5.	—	—	97
6.	—	—	165

THE
HISTORY
OF
ABELARD AND ELOISA.

PETER ABELARD was born in the year 1079, at the village of Palais, in Bretagne, at that time governed by a duke independant of France. He lived in the reigns of Lewis the Gross, and Lewis the Young. His father's name was Beranger, a gentleman of a considerable and wealthy family, who took care to give his children a liberal and pious education; especially his eldest son Peter, on whom he endeavoured to bestow all possible improvements, because there appeared in him an extraordinary vivacity of wit, joined with sweetness of temper, and all imaginable presages of a great man.

When he had made some advancement in learning, he grew so fond of his books, that, lest affairs of the world might interrupt his proficiency in them, he quitted his birthright to his younger brother, and applied himself entirely to the studies of philosophy and divinity.

Of all the sciences to which he applied himself, that which pleased him most, and in which he made the greatest progress, was logic. He had a very subtle wit, and was incessantly whetting it by disputes, out of a restless ambition to be a master of his weapons. So that in a short time he gained the reputation of the greatest philosopher of his age; and has always been esteemed the founder of what we call the *learning of the schoolmen*.

He finished his studies at Paris, where, owing to its university, learning was then in a very flourishing condition. In this city he found a famous professor of philosophy, William des Champeaux, and soon became his favourite scholar; but this did not last long. The professor was so hard put to it, to answer the subtle objections of his new scholar, that he grew uneasy with him. The school soon run into parties. The senior scholars, transported with envy against Abelard, seconded their master's resentment. All this served only to increase the young man's presumption, who now thought himself sufficiently qualified to set up a school of his own. For this purpose he chose an advantageous place, which was the town of Melun, ten leagues from Paris, where the French court resided at that time. Champeaux did all that he could to hinder the erecting of this school; but some of the great courtiers being his enemies, the opposition he made to it only promoted the design of his rival, who was looked upon as the reviver and principal champion of the Aristotelian philosophy.

The reputation of this new professor made a marvellous

vellous progress, and eclipsed that of Champeaux. These successes swelled Abelard so much, that he removed his school to Corbeil, in order to engage his enemy the closer in more frequent disputations. But his excessive application to study brought upon him a long and dangerous sickness, which constrained him to return to his native air.

After he had spent two years in his own country, he made a second journey to Paris, where he found that his old antagonist Champeaux had resigned his chair to another, and was retired into a convent of canons regular, among whom he continued his lectures. Abelard attacked him with such fury, that he quickly forced him to renounce his tenets. Whereupon the poor monk became so despicable, and his antagonist in such great esteem, that nobody went to the lectures of Champeaux, and the very man who succeeded him in his professorship, listed under Abelard, and became his scholar.

He was scarce fixed in his chair, before he found himself exposed more than ever to the strokes of the most cruel envy. Endeavours were used to do him ill offices by all those who were any ways disaffected to him; another professor was put into the place of him, who had thought it his duty to submit to Abelard; in short, so many enemies were raised against him, that he was forced to retreat from Paris to Melun, and there revive his logical lectures. But this held not long; for hearing that Champeaux with all his infantry was retired into a country village, he went and posted himself on Mount St. Genevieve, where he erected a new

school, like a kind of battery against him whom Champeaux had left to teach in Paris.

Champeaux understanding that his substitute was thus besieged in his school, brought the regular canons back again to their monastery. But this, instead of relieving his friend, caused all his scholars to desert him. At which the poor philosopher was so mortified, that he followed the example of his patron Champeaux, and turned monk too.

The dispute now lay wholly between Abelard and Champeaux, who renewed it with great warmth on both sides: but the senior had not the best of it. While it was depending, Abelard was obliged to visit his father and mother, who, according to the fashion of those times, had resolved to forsake the world, and retire into convents, in order to devote themselves more seriously to the care of their salvation.

Having assisted at the admission of his parents into their respective monasteries, and received their blessings, he returned to Paris, where, during his absence, his rival had been promoted to the bishopric of Chalons. And now being in a condition to quit his school without any suspicion of flying from his enemy, he resolved to apply himself wholly to divinity.

To this end he removed to Laon, where one Anselm read divinity-lectures with good reputation. But Abelard was so little satisfied with the old man's abilities, who, as he says, had a very mean genius, and a great fluency of words without sense, that he took a resolution, for the future to hear no other
master

master than the holy scriptures. A good resolution ! if a man take the Spirit of God for his guide, and be more concerned to distinguish truth from falshood, than to confirm himself in those principles into which his own fancy or complexion, or the prejudices of his birth and education, have insensibly led him.

Together with the holy scriptures, Abelard read the ancient fathers and doctors of the church ; in which he spent whole days and nights, and profited so well, that, instead of returning to Anselm's lectures, he took up the same employment, and began to expound the prophet Ezekiel to some of his fellow-pupils : he performed this part so agreeably, and in so easy a method, that he soon got a crowd of auditors.

The jealous Anselm could not bear this ; he quickly found means to get the new lecturer silenced. Upon this Abelard removed to Paris once more, where he proceeded with his public exposition on Ezekiel, and soon acquired the same reputation for his divinity, he had before gained for his philosophy. His eloquence and learning procured him an incredible number of scholars from all parts ; so that if he had minded saving of money, he might have grown rich with ease in a short time. And happy had it been for him, if, among all the enemies his learning exposed him to, he had guarded his heart against the charms of love. But alas ! the greatest doctors are not always the wisest men ; as appears from examples in every age ; but from none more remarkable than that of this learned man.

Abelard,

Abelard, besides his uncommon merit as a scholar, had all the accomplishments of a gentleman. He had a greatness of soul which nothing could shock; his passions were delicate, his judgment solid, and his taste exquisite. He was of a graceful person, and carried himself with the air of a man of quality. His conversation was sweet, complaisant, easy, and gentleman-like. It seemed as tho' nature had designed him for a more elevated employment than that of teaching the sciences. He looked upon riches and grandeur with contempt, and had no higher ambition than to make his name famous among learned men, and to be reputed the greatest doctor of his age: but he had human frailty, and all his philosophy could not guard him from the attacks of love. For some time, indeed, he had defended himself against this passion pretty well, when the temptation was but slight: but upon a more intimate familiarity with agreeable objects, he found his reason fail him: yet he thought of compounding the matter, and resolved at first, that love and philosophy should dwell together in the same breast. He intended only to let out his heart to the former, and that but for a little while; never considering that love is a great ruiner of projects; and that when it has once got a share in a heart, it is easy to possess itself of the whole.

He was now in the seven or eight and twentieth year of his age, when he thought himself compleatly happy in all respects, excepting that he wanted a mistress. He considered therefore of making a choice, but such an one as might be most suitable
to

to his notions, and the design he had of passing agreeably those hours he did not employ in his study. He had several ladies in his eye, to whom, as he says in one of his letters, he could easily have recommended himself. For, besides his qualifications mentioned before, he had a vein of poetry, and made abundance of little easy songs, which he would sing with all the advantage of a gallant air and pleasant voice. But tho' he was qualified for a lover, he was not over-hasty in determining his choice. He was not of a humour to be pleased with the wanton or forward; he scorned easy pleasures, and sought to encounter with difficulties and impediments, that he might conquer with the greater glory.

Not far from the place where Abelard read his lectures lived one doctor Fulbert, a canon of the church of Notre Dame. This canon had a niece named Eloisa in his house, whom he educated with great care and affection. Some writers say, that she was the good man's natural daughter; but that, to prevent a public scandal, he gave out that she was his niece, by his sister, who upon her death-bed had charged him with her education. But though it was well known in those times, as well as since, that the niece of an ecclesiastic is sometimes more nearly related to him, yet of this damsel's birth and parentage we have nothing very certain. There is reason to think, from one of her letters to Abelard, that she came of a mean family; for she owns that great honour was done to her side by this alliance, and that he had married much below himself. So that what François d'Amboise

says, that she was of the name and family of Montmorency, has no manner of foundation. It is very probable she was really and truly Fulbert's niece, as he affirmed her to be. Whatever she was for birth, she was a very engaging woman; and if she was not a perfect beauty, she appeared such at least in Abelard's eyes. She was about eighteen: her person was well proportioned, her features regular, her eyes sparkling, her lips vermilion and well-formed, her complexion animated, her air fine, and her aspect sweet and agreeable. She had a surprizing quickness of wit, an incredible memory, and a considerable share of learning, joined with humility; and all these accomplishments were attended with something so graceful and moving, that it was impossible for those who kept her company not to be in love with her.

As soon as Abelard had seen and conversed with her, the charms of her wit and beauty made such an impression upon his heart, that he presently conceived a most violent passion for her, and resolved to make it his whole endeavour to win her affections. And now he that formerly quitted his patrimony to pursue his studies, laid aside all other engagements to attend his new passion.

In vain did philosophy and reason importune him to return; he was deaf to their call, and thought of nothing but how to enjoy the sight and company of his dear Eloisa. And he soon met with the luckiest opportunity in the world. Fulbert, who had the greatest affection imaginable for his niece, finding her to have a good share of natural wit, and a particular genius for learning, thought himself obliged

obliged to improve the talents which nature had so liberally bestowed on her. He had already put her to learn several languages, which she quickly came to understand so well, that her fame began to spread itself abroad, and the wit and learning of Eloisa was every where discoursed of. And tho' her uncle for his own share was no great scholar, he was very solicitous that his niece should have all possible improvements. He was willing therefore she should have masters to instruct her in what she had a mind to learn, but he loved his money; and this kept him from providing for her education so well as she desired.

Abelard, who knew Eloisa's inclinations, and the temper of her uncle, thought this an opportunity favourable to his design. He was already well acquainted with Fulbert, as being his brother canon in the same church; and he observed how fond the other was of his friendship, and what an honour he esteemed it to be intimate with a person of his reputation. He therefore told him one day in familiarity, that he was at a loss for some house to board in; and if you could find room for me, said he, in your's, I leave it to you to name the terms.

The good man immediately considering, that by this means he should provide an able master for his niece, who, instead of taking money of him, offered to pay him well for his board, embraced his proposal with all the joy imaginable, gave him a thousand caresses, and desired he would consider him for the future as one ambitious of the strictest friendship with him.

What an unspeakable joy was this to the amorous Abelard ! to consider that he was going to live with her, who was the only object of his desires ! that he should have the opportunity of seeing and conversing with her every day, and of acquainting her with his passion ! However he concealed his joy at present, lest he should make his intentions suspected. Nature had been liberal to our lover, in making his person every way agreeable ; so that he flattered himself that it was almost impossible that any woman should reject his addresses. Perhaps he was mistaken : the sex has variety of humours. However, consider him as a philosopher who had hitherto lived in strict chastity, he certainly reasoned well in the business of love, when he concluded that Eloisa would be an easier conquest to him than others, because her learning gave him an opportunity of establishing a correspondence by letters, in which he might discover his passion with greater freedom, than he durst presume to use in conversation.

Some time after the canon had taken Abelard into his house, as they were discoursing one day about things somewhat above Fulbert's capacity, the latter turned the discourse insensibly to the good qualities of his niece ; he informed Abelard of the excellency of her wit, and how strong a propensity she had to improve in learning ; and withal made it his earnest request, that he would take the pains to instruct her. Abelard pretended to be surprized at a proposal of this nature. He told him that learning was not the proper business of women ; that such inclinations in them had more of humour or
curiosity,

curiosity, than a solid desire of knowledge; and could hardly pass, among either the learned or ignorant, without drawing upon them the imputation of conceit and affectation. Fulbert answered, that this was very true of women of common capacities; but he hoped when he had discoursed with his niece, and found what progress she had made already, and what a capacity she had for learning, he would be of another opinion. Abelard assured him, he was ready to do all he could for her improvement, and if she was not like other women, who hate to learn any thing beyond their needle, he would spare no pains to make Eloisa answer the hopes which her uncle had conceived of her.

The canon was transported with the civility of the young doctor; he returned him thanks, and protested he could not do him a more acceptable service than to assist his niece in her endeavours to learn; he therefore entreated him once more, to set apart some of his time, which he did not employ in public, for this purpose: and (as if he had known his designed intrigue, and was willing to promote it) he committed her entirely to his care, and begged of him to treat her with the authority of a master, whenever she was guilty of any neglect or disobedience to his commands.

Fulbert, in this, shewed a simplicity without example; but the affection which he had for his niece was so blind, and Abelard had so well established his reputation for wisdom, that the uncle never scrupled in the least to trust them together, and thought he had all the security in the world for their

virtue. Abelard made use of the freedom which was given him. He saw his beautiful creature every hour, he set her lessons every day, and was extremely pleased to see what proficiency she made. Eloisa, for her part, was so taken with her master, that she liked nothing so well as what she learned from him; and the master was charmed with that quickness of apprehension, with which his scholar learned the most difficult lessons. But he did not intend to stop here. He knew so well how to insinuate into the affections of this young person, he gave her such plain intimations of what was in his heart, and spoke so agreeably of the passion, which he had conceived for her, that he had the satisfaction of seeing himself well understood. It is no difficult matter to make a girl of eighteen in love. And Abelard, having so much wit and agreeable humour, must needs make a much greater progress in her affections, than she did in the lessons which he taught her. So that in a short time she fell so much in love with him, that she could deny him nothing.

Fulbert had a country house at Corbeil, to which the lovers often resorted, under pretence of applying themselves more closely to their studies: There they conversed freely, and gave themselves up entirely to the pleasures of a mutual passion. They took advantage of that privacy which study and contemplation require, without subjecting themselves to the censure of those who observed it.

In this retirement, Abelard owns that more time was employed in soft caresses, than in lectures
of



J. Vanderbank invt

G. J. Gucht sculp

of philosophy. Sometimes he pretended to use the severity of a master ; and, the better to deceive such as might be spies upon them, he exclaimed against Eloisa, and reproached her for her negligence. But how different were his menaces from those which are inspired by anger !

Never did two lovers give a greater loose to their delights, than did these two, for five or six months ; they lived in all the endearments which could enter into the heart of young beginners. This is Abelard's own account of the matter. He compares himself to such as have been long kept in a starving condition, and at last are brought to a feast. A grave and studious man exceeds a *debauché* in his enjoyments of a woman whom he loves, and of whom he is passionately beloved.

Abelard being thus enchanted with the caresses of his mistress, neglected all his serious and important affairs. His performances in public were wretched. His scholars perceived it, and soon guessed the reason. His head was turned to nothing but amorous verses. His school was his aversion, and he spent as little time in it as he could. As for his lectures, they were commonly the old ones served up again. The night was wholly lost from his studies ; and his leisure was employed in writing songs, which were dispersed and sung in divers provinces of France many years after. In short, our lovers, who were in their own opinion the happiest pair in the world, kept so little guard, that their amours were every where talked of, and all the world saw plainly that the sciences were not always
the

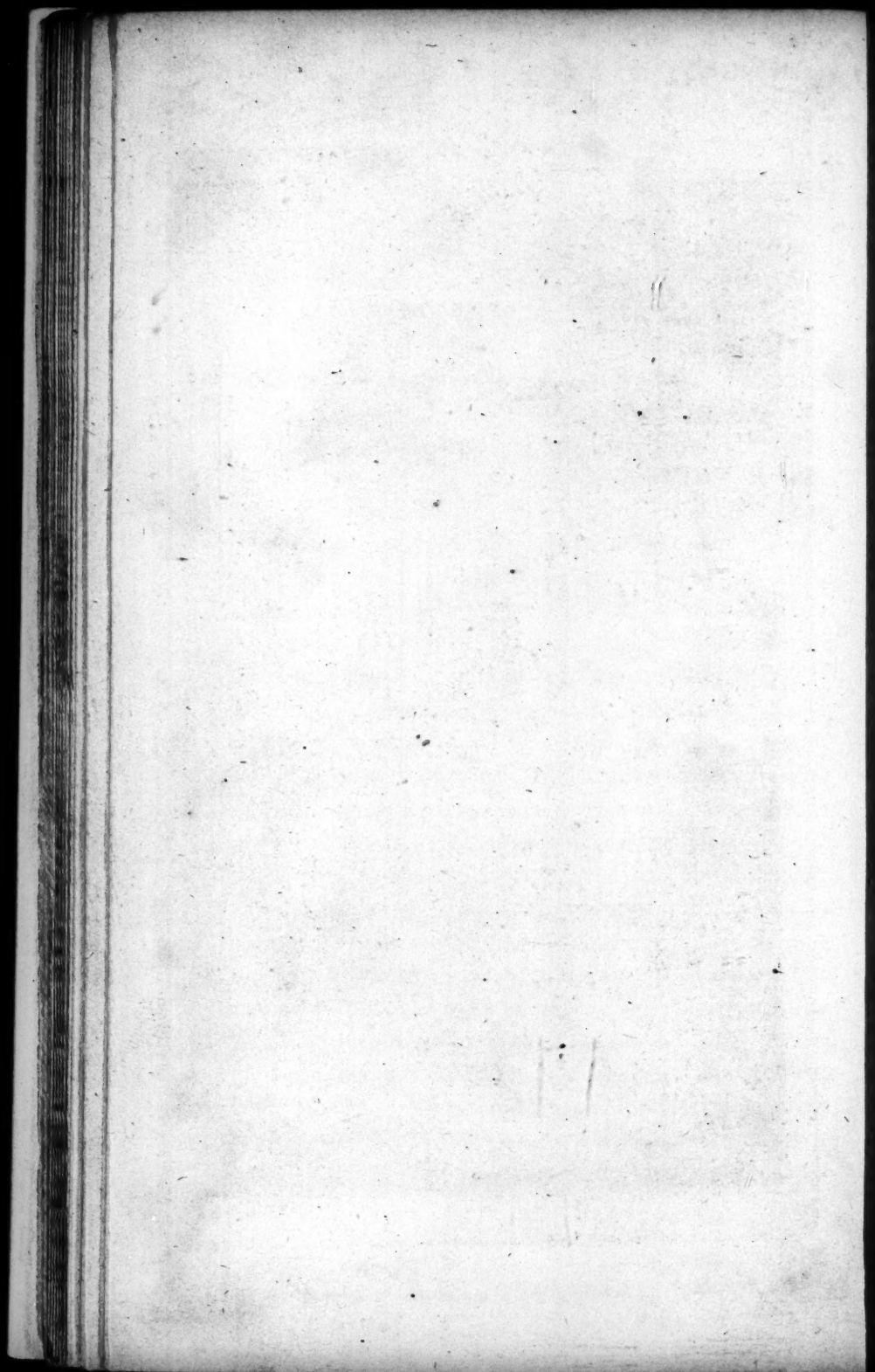
the subject of their conversation. Fulbert, under whose nose all this was done, was the last man that heard any thing of it: he wanted eyes to see that which was visible to all the world; and if any body went about to tell him of it, he was prepossessed with so good an opinion of his niece and her master, that he would believe nothing against them.

But at last so many discoveries were daily made to him, that he could not help believing something; he therefore resolved to separate them, and by that means prevent the ill consequences of their too great familiarity: however he thought it best to convict them himself, before he proceeded further; and therefore watched them so closely that he had one day an opportunity of receiving ocular satisfaction that the reports he had heard were true. In short, he surprized them together. And though he was naturally choleric, yet he appeared so moderate on this occasion as to leave them under dismal apprehensions of something worse to come after. The result was, that they must be parted.

Who can express the torment our lovers felt upon this separation! however it served only to unite their hearts more firmly; they were but the more eager to see one another. Difficulties increased their desires, and put them upon any attempts, without regarding what might be the consequence. Abelard, finding it impossible to live without his dear Eloisa, endeavoured to settle a correspondence with her by means of her maid Agaton, who was a handsome brown girl, well shaped, and likely enough to have pleased a man who was not otherwise

wife





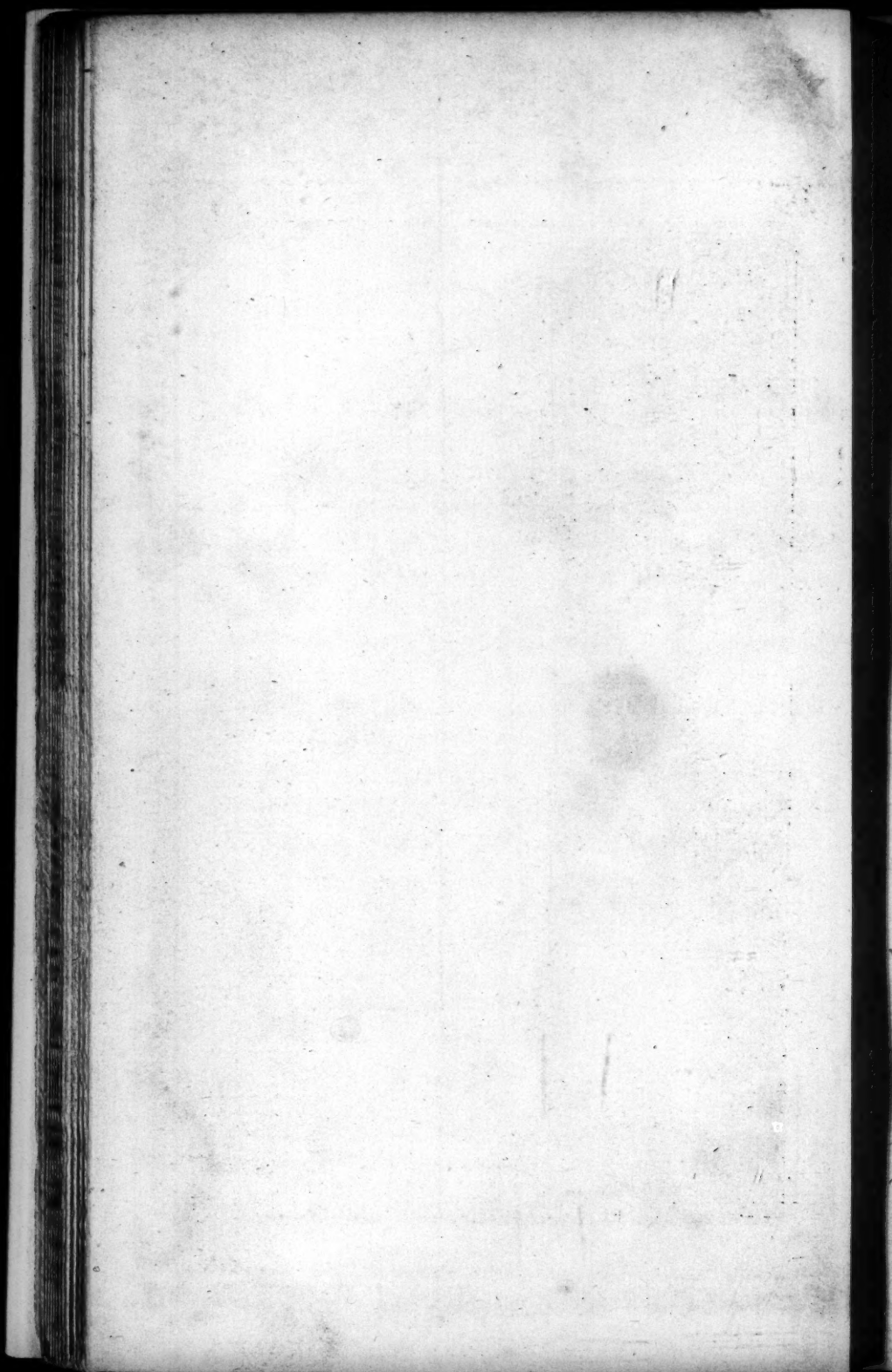
wife engaged. But what a surprize was it to our doctor, to find this girl refuse his money; and, in recompence of the services she was to do him with her mistress, demand no less a reward than his heart, and making him at once a plain declaration of love ! Abelard, who could love none but Eloisa, turned from her abruptly, without answering a word. Agaton knew well how to revenge the affront put upon her, and failed not to acquaint Fulbert with Abelard's offers to her, without saying a word how she had been disobliged. Fulbert thought it was time to look about him. He thanked the maid for her care, and entered into measures with her, how to keep Abelard from visiting his niece.

The doctor was now more perplexed than ever; he had no way left but to apply himself to Eloisa's singing-master: and the gold which the maid refused, prevailed with him. By this means Abelard conveyed a letter to Eloisa: in which he acquainted her that he intended to come and see her at night, and that the way he had contrived was over the garden-wall, by the help of a ladder of cords. This project succeeded, and brought them together. After the first transports of this short interview, Eloisa, who had found some more than ordinary symptoms within her, acquainted her lover with it. She had informed him of it before by a letter; and now having this opportunity to consult about it, they agreed that she should go to a sister of his in Bretagne, at whose house she might be privately brought to bed. But before they parted, he endeavoured to comfort her, and make her easy in this distress, by giving

giving her assurances of marriage. When Eloisa heard this proposal she peremptorily rejected it, and gave such reasons for her refusal, as left Abelard in the greatest astonishment.

Indeed a refusal of this nature is so extraordinary a thing, that perhaps another instance of it is not to be found in history. I persuade myself, therefore, that I shall not offend my reader, by making some few remarks upon it. It often happens that the passion of love stifles or over-rules the rebukes of conscience; but it is unusual for it to extinguish the sensibility of honour. I do not speak of persons of a mean birth and no education; but for others, all young women, I suppose, that engage in love intrigues flatter themselves with one of these views; either they hope they shall not prove with child, or they shall conceal it from the world, or they shall get themselves married. As for such as resolve to destroy the fruit of their amours, there are but few so void of all natural affection, as to be capable of this utmost degree of barbarity. However this shews plainly that if love tyrannizes sometimes, it is such a tyrant as leaves honour in possession of its rights. But Eloisa had a passion so strong, that she was not at all concerned for her honour or reputation. She was overjoyed to find herself with child, and yet she did her utmost not to be married. Never sure was so odd an example, as these two things made, when put together! The first was very extraordinary; And how many young women in the world would rather be married to a disagreeable husband, than live in a state of reproach? They know the remedy





medy is bad enough, and will cost them dear; but what signifies that, so long as the name of husband hides the flaws made in their honour? But as for Eloisa, she was not so nice in this point. An excess of passion, never heard of before, made her chuse to be Abelard's mistress rather than his wife! We shall see, in the course of this history, how firm she was in this resolution, with what arguments she supported it, and how earnestly she persuaded her gallant to be of the same mind.

Abelard, who was willing to lose no time, lest his dear Eloisa should fall into her uncle's hands, disguised her in the habit of a nun, and sent her away with the greatest dispatch, hoping, that after she was brought to bed, he should have more leisure to persuade her to marriage; by which they might screen themselves from the reproach which must otherwise come upon them, as soon as the business should be publicly known.

As soon as Eloisa was set forward on her journey, Abelard resolved to make Fulbert a visit, in order to appease him, if possible, and prevent the ill effects of his just indignation.

The news that Eloisa was privately withdrawn, soon made a great noise in the neighbourhood; and reaching Fulbert's ears, filled him with grief and melancholy. Besides that he had a very tender affection for his niece, and could not live without her, he had the utmost resentment of the affront which Abelard had put upon him, by abusing the freedom he had allowed him. This fired him with such implacable fury, as in the end fell heavy upon our poor lovers, and had very dreadful consequences.

When

When Fulbert saw Abelard, and heard from him the reason why Eloisa was withdrawn, never was man in such a passion. He abandoned himself to the most violent and furious rage, despair, and thirst of revenge. All the affronts, reproaches, and menaces that could be thought of were heaped upon Abelard; who was ready to make the canon all the satisfaction he was able. He gave him leave to say what he pleased; and when he saw that he had tired himself with exclaiming, he took up the discourse, and ingenuously confessed his crime. Then he had recourse to all the prayers, submissions, and promises he could invent; and begged of him to consider the force of love, and what foils this tyrant has given to the greatest men: that the occasion of the present misfortune was, the most violent passion that ever existed; that this passion continued still; and that he was ready to give both him and his niece all the satisfaction which this sort of injury required. Will you marry her then? said Fulbert, interrupting him. Yes, replied Abelard, if you please, and she will consent. If I please! said the canon, pausing a little; if she will consent! And do you question either? Upon this he was going to offer him his reasons, after his hasty way, why they should be married: but Abelard entreated him to suppress his passion awhile, and hear what he had to offer: which was, that their marriage might for some time be kept secret. No, says the canon; the dishonour you have done my niece is public, and the reparation you make her shall be so too. But Abelard told him, that, since they were to be one family, he hoped he would consider his interest as his own.

At

At last, after a great many entreaties, Fulbert seemed content it should be as Abelard desired; that he should marry Eloisa after she was brought to bed; and that in the mean time the business should be kept secret.

Abelard, having given his scholars a vacation, returned into Bretagne, to visit his designed spouse, and to acquaint her with what had passed. She was not at all concerned at her uncle's displeasure; but that which troubled her was, the resolution which she saw her lover had taken to marry her. She endeavoured to dissuade him from it with all the arguments she could think of. She begun with representing to him the wrong he did himself in thinking of marriage: that as she never loved him but for his own sake, she preferred his glory, reputation, and interest before her own. I know my uncle, said she, will never be pacified with any thing we can do: and what honour shall I get by being your wife, when at the same time I certainly ruin your reputation? What curse may I not justly fear, should I rob the world of so eminent a person as you are? What an injury shall I do the church? How much shall I disoblige the learned? And what a shame and disparagement will it be to you, whom nature has fitted for the public good, to devote yourself entirely to a wife? Remember what St. Paul says, *Art thou loosed from a wife? seek not a wife.* If neither this great man, nor the fathers of the church, can make you change your resolution, consider at least what your philosophers say of it. Socrates has proved, by many arguments, that a wise man

man ought not to marry. Tully put away his wife Terentia; and when Hirtius offered him his sister in marriage, he told him he desired to be excused, because he could never bring himself to divide his thoughts between his books and his wife. In short, said she, how can the study of divinity and philosophy comport with the cries of children, the songs of nurses, and all the hurry of a family? What an odd sight will it be, to see maids and scholars, desks and cradles, books and distaffs, pens and spindles one among another? Those who are rich are never disturbed with the care and charges of housekeeping. But with you scholars it is far otherwise. He that will get an estate must mind the affairs of the world, and consequently is taken off from the study of divinity and philosophy. Observe the conduct of the wise Pagans in this point, who preferred a single life before marriage, and be ashamed that you cannot come up to them. Be more careful to maintain the character and dignity of a philosopher. Do not you know that there is no action of life which draws after it so sure and long a repentance, and to so little purpose? You fancy to yourself the enjoyments you shall have in being bound to me by a bond which nothing but death can break: but know, there is no such thing as sweet chains; and there is a thousand times more glory, honour, and pleasure in keeping firm to a union which love alone has established, which is supported by mutual esteem and merit, and which owes its continuance to nothing but the satisfaction of seeing each other free. Shall the laws and customs which the gross and carnal world has
invented,

invented, hold us together more surely than the bonds of mutual affection? Take my word for it, you will see me too often, when you see me every day: you will have no value for my love nor favours, when they are due to you, and cost you no care. Perhaps you do not think of all this at present; but you will think of nothing else when it will be too late. I do not take notice what the world will say, to see a man in your circumstances get him a wife, and so throw away your reputation, your fortune, and your quiet. In short, continued she, the quality of mistress is a hundred times more pleasing to me, than that of wife. Custom indeed has given a dignity to this latter name, and we are imposed upon by it; but Heaven is my witness, I had rather be Abelard's mistress, than lawful wife to the emperor of the world. I am very sure I shall always prefer your advantage and satisfaction, before my own honour, and all the reputation, wealth, and enjoyments, which the most splendid marriage could bring me. Thus Eloisa argued, and added a great many more reasons, chiefly grounded upon her preference of love to marriage, and liberty to necessity.

We might therefore suppose that Eloisa was afraid lest marriage should prove the tomb of love. The Count de Buffy, who passes for the translator of some of her letters, makes this to be her meaning, though cloathed in delicate language. But if we examine those which she writ to Abelard after their separation, and the expressions she uses to put him in mind, that he was indebted for the passion she had

for him to nothing but love itself, we must allow that she had more refined notions, and that never woman was so disinterested. She loved Abelard, it is true; but she declared, it was not his sex that she most valued in him.

Some authors are of opinion, that it was not an excess of love which made Abelard press Eloisa to marriage, but only to quiet his conscience: But how can any one tell his reasons for marriage, better than himself? Others say, that if Eloisa did really oppose Abelard's design of marrying her so earnestly, it was not because she thought better of concubinage than a married life; but because her affection and respect for her lover, leading her to seek his honour and advantage in all things, she was afraid that by marrying him, she should stand between him and a bishopric, which she thought his wit and learning well deserved. But there is no such thing in her letters, nor in the long account which Abelard has left us of the arguments which his mistress used to dissuade him from marriage. These are the faults of many authors, who put such words in the mouths of persons, as are most conformable to their own ideas. It is often more advantageous, in catholic countries, that a woman should leave her lover free for church-dignities, than render him incapable of them by marriage. But is it just therefore to suppose, that Eloisa had any such motives? There is indeed a known story of a man that was possessed of a prebend, and quitted it for a wife. The day after the wedding, he said to his bride, My dear, consider how passionately I loved you,

you, since I lost my preferment to marry you. You have done a very foolish thing, said she; you might have kept that, and have had me notwithstanding.

But to return to our lovers. Monsieur de la Bruyere, who well understood human nature, has affirmed, *That women, by the favours they grant to men, grow the sonder of them; but, on the contrary, the men grow more indifferent.* This is not always true. Abelard was not the less enamoured with Eloisa after she had given him the utmost proofs of her love; and their familiarity was so far from having abated his flame, that it seems all the eloquence of Eloisa could not persuade Abelard that he wronged himself in thinking to marry her. He admired the wit, the passion, and the ingenuity of his mistress; but in these things he did not come short of her: he knew so well how to represent to her the necessity of marriage, the discourse which he had about it with Fulbert, his rage if they declined it, and how dangerous it might be to both of them, that at last she consented to do whatever he pleased, but still with an inconceivable reluctance, which shewed that she yielded for no other reason, but the fear of disobliging him.

Abelard was willing to be near his mistress till she was brought to bed, which in a short time she was, of a boy; who, as no mention is made of him afterwards, is supposed to have died an infant. As soon as Eloisa was fit to go abroad, Abelard carried her to Paris, where they were married in the most private manner that could be, having no other company

pany but Fulbert, and two or three particular friends. However, the wedding quickly came to be known. The news of it was already whispered about; people soon began to talk of it more openly, till at last they mentioned it to the married pair. Fulbert, who was less concerned to keep his word, than to cover the reproach of his family, took care to spread it abroad. But Eloisa, who loved Abelard a thousand times better than she did herself, and always valued her dear doctor's honour above her own, denied it with the most solemn protestations, and did all she could to make the world believe her. She constantly affirmed, that the reports of it were mere slanders; that Abelard never proposed any such thing; and if he had, she would never have consented to it. In short, she denied it so constantly, and with such earnestness, that she was generally believed. Many people thought, and boldly affirmed, that the doctor's enemies had spread this story on purpose to lessen his character. This report came to Fulbert's ears, who, knowing that Eloisa was the sole author of it, fell into so outrageous a passion at her, that after a thousand reproaches and menaces he proceeded to use her barbarously. But Abelard, who loved her never the worse for being his wife, could not see this many days with patience. He resolved therefore to order matters so as to deliver her from this state of persecution. To this purpose they consulted together what course was to be taken; and agreed, that for setting them both free, her from the power and ill-humour of her uncle, and him from the persecuting reports which
went

went about of him, Eloisa should retire into a convent, where she should take the habit of a nun, all but the veil, that so she might easily come out again, when they should have a more favourable opportunity. This design was proposed, approved, and executed, almost at the same time. By this means they effectually put a stop to all reports about their marriage. But the canon was too dangerous a person to be admitted to this consultation; he would never have agreed to their proposal; nor could he hear of it without the utmost rage. It was then that he conceived a new desire of revenge, which he pursued till he had executed it in the most cruel manner. This retreat of Eloisa gave him the more sensible affliction, because she was so far from covering her own reputation, that she completed his shame. He considered it as Abelard's contrivance, and a fresh instance of his perfidious dealing towards him. And this reflection put him upon studying how to be revenged on them both at one stroke; which, aiming at the root of the mischief, should for ever disable them from offending again.

While this plot was in agitation, the lovers, who were not apt to trouble their heads about what might happen, spent their time in the most agreeable manner that could be. Abelard could not live long without a sight of his dear wife. He made her frequent visits in the convent of Argenteuil, to which she was retired. The nuns of this abbey enjoyed a very free kind of life: the grates and parlours were open enough. Eloisa had such excellent qualifications, as made the good sisters very fond of her,

and extremely pleased that they had such an amiable companion. And as they were not ignorant what reports there were abroad, that she was married to the famous Abelard, (though she denied it to the last) the most discerning among them, observing the frequent visits of the doctor, easily imagined that she had reasons for keeping herself private, and so they took her case into consideration, and expressed a wonderful compassion for her misfortunes.

Some of them, whom Eloisa loved above the rest, and in whom she put great confidence, were not a little aiding and assisting in the private interviews which she had with Abelard, and in giving him opportunities to enter the convent. The amorous doctor made the best use of every thing: the habit which Eloisa wore; the places where he was to see her; the times and seasons proper for his visit; the stratagems which must be used to facilitate his entrance, and carry him undiscovered to Eloisa's chamber; the difficulties they met with; the reasons they had for not letting it be known who they were; and the fear they were in of being taken together: All this gave their amours an air of novelty, and added to their lawful embraces all the taste of stolen delights.

These excesses had then their charms, but in the end had fatal consequences: The furious canon persisting in his design of being revenged on Abelard, notwithstanding his marriage with his niece, found means to corrupt a domestic of the unfortunate doctor, who gave admittance into his master's chamber to two assassins hired by Fulbert, who seized

seized him in his sleep, and cruelly deprived him of his manhood. The servant and his accomplices fled for it; the wretched Abelard raised such terrible outcries, that the people in the house and the neighbours being alarmed, hastened to him, and gave him such speedy assistance, that he was soon out of a condition of fearing death.

The news of this accident made a great noise, and its singularity raised the curiosity of abundance of persons, who came the next day, as in procession, to see, to lament, and comfort him. His scholars loudly bewailed his misfortune, and the women distinguished themselves upon this occasion, by extraordinary marks of tenderness. And it is probable, among the great number of ladies which pitied Abelard, there were some with whom he had been very intimate: For his philosophy did not make him scrupulous enough to esteem every small infidelity a crime, when it did not lessen his constant love of Eloisa.

This action of Fulbert was too tragical to pass unpunished; the traitorous servant and one of the assassins were seized, and condemned to lose their eyes, and to suffer what they had done to Abelard. But Fulbert denying he had any share in the action, saved himself from the punishment, with the loss only of his benefices. This sentence did not satisfy Abelard; he made his complaint to no purpose to the bishop and canons, and if he had made a remonstrance at Rome, where he once had a design of carrying the matter, it is probable he would have had no better success. It requires too much mo-

ney to gain a cause there. One Foulques, prior of Deuil, an intimate friend of Abelard, wrote thus to him upon the occasion of his misfortune. *If you appeal to the pope, without bringing an immense sum of money, it will be useless; nothing can satisfy the infinite avarice and luxury of the Romans. I question if you have enough for such an undertaking; and if you attempt it, nothing will perhaps remain but the vexation of having flung away so much money. They who go to Rome without large sums to squander away, will return just as they went, the expence of their journey only excepted.* But since I am upon Foulques's letter, which is too extraordinary to be passed over in silence, I shall give the reader some of its more remarkable passages, adding some reflections which may make him amends for the trouble of a new digression.

This friend of Abelard lays before him many advantages which might be drawn from his misfortune. He tells him, his extraordinary talents, subtilty, eloquence, and learning, had drawn from all parts an incredible number of auditors, and so filled him with excessive vanity: He hints gently at another thing, which contributed not a little towards making him proud; namely, that the women continually followed him, and gloried in drawing him into their snares. This misfortune therefore would cure him of his pride, and free him from those snares of women which had reduced him even to indigence, though his profession got him a large revenue; and now he would never impoverish himself by his gallantries.

Eloisa

Eloisa herself in some passages of her letters says, that there was neither maid nor wife, who in Abelard's absence did not form desires for him, and in his presence was not inflamed with love: That queens themselves and ladies of the first quality envied the pleasures she enjoyed with him. But we are not to take these words of Eloisa in a strict sense; because as she loved Abelard to madness, so she imagined every one else did. Besides that, report to be sure hath added to the truth. It is not at all probable that a man of Abelard's sense, and who, according to all appearance, passionately loved his wife, should not be able to contain himself in some bounds, but should squander away all his money upon mistresses, even to the not reserving what was sufficient to provide for his necessities. Foulques owns that he speaks only upon hear-say, and in that no doubt envy and jealousy had their part.

Foulques tells him besides, that the amputation of a part of his body, of which he made such ill use, would suppress at the same time a great many troublesome passions, and procure him the liberty of reflecting on himself, instead of being hurried to and fro by his desires; his meditations would be no more interrupted by the emotions of the flesh, and therefore he would be more successful in discovering the secrets of nature. He reckons it as a great advantage to him, that he would no more be the terror of husbands, and might now lodge any where without being suspected. And forgets not to acquaint him, he might converse with the finest women without any fear of those temptations which

sometimes overpower even age itself, upon the sight of such objects. And lastly, he would have the happiness of being exempt from the illusions of sleep; which exemption, according to him, is a peculiar blessing.

It was with reason that Foulques reckons all these as advantages very extraordinary in the life of an ecclesiastick; it is easy to observe that, to a person who devotes himself to continence, nothing can be more happy than to be insensible to beauty and love; for they who cannot maintain their chastity, but by continual combats, are very unhappy: the life of such persons is uneasy, their state always doubtful. They but too much feel the trouble of their warfare, and if they come off victorious in an engagement, it is often with a great many wounds. Even such of them as in a retired life are at the greatest distance from temptations, by continually struggling with their inclinations, and setting barriers against the irruptions of the flesh, are in a miserable condition. Their entrenchments are often forced; and their consciences filled with sorrow and anxiety. What progress might one make in the ways of virtue, who is not obliged to fight an enemy for every foot of ground! Had Abelard's misfortune made him indeed such as Foulques supposed, we should see him in his letters express his motives of comfort with a better grace. But though he now was in a condition not able to satisfy a passion by which he had suffered so much, yet was he not insensible at the sight of those objects which once gave him so much pleasure. This
discourse

discourse therefore of Foulques, far from comforting Abelard in his affliction, seems capable of producing the contrary effect; and it is astonishing if Abelard did not take it so, and think he rather insulted him, and consequently resent it.

As to dreams, St. Austin informs us of the advantage Foulques tells his friend he had gained: St. Austin implores the grace of God to deliver him from this sort of weakness, and says he gave consent to those things in his sleep which he should abominate awake, and laments exceedingly so great a remaining weakness.

But let us go on with this charitable friend's letter; it hath too near a relation to this history, to leave any part of it untouched. Matrimonial functions (continues Foulques) and the cares of a family, will not now hinder your application to please God. And what a happiness is it, not to be in a capacity of sinning! And then he brings the examples of St. Origen, and other martyrs, who rejoice now in Heaven, for their being upon earth in the same condition Abelard laments. As if the impossibility of committing a sin could secure any one from desiring to do it. But one of his greatest motives of comfort, and one upon which he insists the most is, because his misfortune is irreparable. This is indeed true in fact, but the consequence of his reasoning is not so certain: *Afflict not yourself* (says he) *because your misfortune is of such a nature as is never to be repaired.*

It must be owned that the general topics of consolation have two faces, and may therefore be con-

sidered very differently, even so as to seem arguments for sorrow. As for instance, one might argue very justly, that a mother should not yield too much to grief upon the loss of a son, because her tears are unavailable, and though she should kill herself with sorrow, she can never by these means bring her son to life. Yet this very thing, that all she can do is useless, is the main occasion of her grief; she could bear it patiently, could she any way retrieve her loss. When Solon lamented the death of his son, and some friend by way of comfort told him, his tears were insignificant, *that*, said he, *is the very reason why I weep*.

But Foulques argues much better afterwards; he says, Abelard did not suffer this in the commission of any ill act, but sleeping peaceably in his bed. That is, he was not caught in any open fact, such as has cost others the like loss. This is, indeed, a much better topic than the former, though it must be allowed that Abelard had drawn this misfortune on himself by a crime as bad as adultery; yet the fault was over, and he had made all the reparation which was in his power, and when they maimed him, he thought no harm to any body.

Abelard's friend makes use likewise of other consolatory reasons in his letter, and represents to him, after a very moving manner, the part which the bishop and canon, and all the ecclesiasticks of Paris, took in his disgrace, and the mourning there was among the inhabitants, and especially the women, upon this occasion. But in this article of consolation how comes it to pass that he
makes

makes no mention of Eloisa? This ought not to appear strange; she was the most injured, and therefore questionless her sorrows were sufficiently known to him; and it would be no news to tell the husband that his wife was in the utmost affliction for him. For as we observed before, though she was in a convent, she had not renounced her husband; and those frequent visits he made her were not spent in reading homilies. But let us make an end of our reflections on Foulques's curious letter. Foulques, after advising Abelard not to think of carrying the matter before the pope, by assuring him that it required too great expence to obtain any satisfaction at that court, concludes all with this last motive of consolation, that the imagined happiness he had lost was always accompanied with abundance of vexation; but if he persevered in his spirit of resignation, he would without doubt at the last day obtain that justice he had now failed of. 'Tis great pity we have not Abelard's answer to this delicate letter, the matter then would look like one of Job's dialogues with his friends. Abelard would generally have enough to reply, and Foulques would often be but a sorry comforter. However it is certain this letter was of some weight with Abelard, for he never thought afterwards of making a voyage to Rome. Resolved to bear his calamity patiently, he left to God the avenging of the cruel and shameful abuse he had suffered.

But let us return to Eloisa. 'Tis probable her friends of the convent of Argentueil concealed so

heavy a misfortune from her for some time ; but at last she heard the fatal news : Though the rage and fury of her uncle threatened her long since with some punishment, yet could she never suspect any thing of this nature. It will be saying too little to tell the reader she felt all the shame and sorrow that it is possible. She only can express those violent emotions of her soul upon so severe an occasion.

In all probability this misfortune of Abelard would have been a thorough cure of her passion, if we might argue from like cases : but there is no rule so general as not to admit of some exceptions ; and Eloisa's love upon this severe trial proved like queen Stratonice's, who was not less passionate for her favourite Combabus, when she discovered his impotence, than she had been before.

Shame and sorrow had no less seized Abelard than Eloisa, nor dared he ever after appear in the world. So that he resolved, immediately upon his cure, to banish himself from the sight of men, and hide himself in the darkness of a monastick life ; avoiding all conversation with any kind of persons, excepting his dear Eloisa, by whose company he endeavoured to comfort himself ; but she at last resolved to follow his example, and continue for ever in the convent of Argentueil, where she was. Abelard himself confesses that shame, rather than devotion, had made him take the habit of a monk ; and that it was jealousy, more than love, which engaged him to persuade Eloisa to be professed before he had made his vow. The letters which follow
this

this history will inform us after what manner and with what resolution they separated. Eloisa in the twenty-second year of her age generously quitted the world, and renounced all those pleasures she might reasonably have promised herself; to sacrifice herself entirely to the fidelity and obedience she owed her husband, and to procure him that ease of mind which he said he could no other ways hope for.

Time making Abelard's misfortune familiar to him, he now entertained thoughts of ambition, and of supporting the reputation he had gained of the most learned man of the age. He began with explaining the Acts of the Apostles to the monks of the monastery of St. Dennis, to which he had retired; but the disorders of the abbey, and the debauches of the abbot, which, equally with his dignity, were superior to those of the simple monks, quickly drove him thence. He had made himself uneasy to them, by censuring their irregularity. They were glad to part with him, and he to leave them.

As soon as he had obtained leave of the abbot, he retired to Thibaud in Champagne, where he set up a school; persuading himself that his reputation would bring him a great number of scholars. And indeed they flocked to him, not only from the most distant provinces of France, but also from Rome, Spain, England, and Germany, in such numbers that the towns could not provide accommodation, nor the country provisions enough for them. But Abelard did not foresee that this success and reputa-

tion would at the same time occasion him new troubles. He had made himself two considerable enemies at Leon, Alberick of Rheims, and Lotulf of Lombardy, who, as soon as they perceived how prejudicial his reputation was to their schools, sought all occasions to ruin him: and thought they had a lucky handle to do so from a book of his entitled *The Mystery of the Trinity*; this they pretended was heretical, and through the archbishop's means they procured a council at Soissons in the year 1121; and without suffering Abelard to make any defence, ordered his book to be burnt by his own hands, and himself to be confined to the convent of St. Medard. This sentence gave him such grief, that he says himself the unhappy fate of his writings touched him more sensibly than the misfortune he had suffered through Fulbert's means. Nor was it only his fatherly concern for his own productions, but the indelible mark of heresy which by this means was fixed on him, which so exceedingly troubled him.

That the curious reader may have a compleat knowledge of this matter, I shall here give an account of that pretended heresy which was imputed to Abelard. The occasion of his writing this book was, that his scholars demanded philosophical arguments on that subject; often urging that it was impossible to believe what was not understood; that it was to abuse the world to preach a doctrine, equally unintelligible to the speaker and auditor; and that it was for *the blind to lead the blind*. These young men were certainly inclined to Sabellinism.

Abelard's

Abelard's enemies however did not accuse him of falling into this, but another heresy as bad, Tritheism, though he was equally free from both; he explained the unity of the Godhead by comparisons drawn from human things, but according to a passage of St. Bernard, one of his greatest enemies, he seemed to hold that no one ought to believe what he could not give a reason for. However, Abelard's treatise upon this subject pleased every one, except those of his own profession, who, stung with envy that he should find out explanations which they could not have thought of, raised such a cry of heresy upon him, that he and some of his scholars had like to have been stoned by the mob. By their powerful cabals they prevailed with Conan bishop of Præneste, the pope's legate, who was president of the council, to condemn his book, pretending, that he asserted three Gods, which they might easily suggest, when he was suffered to make no defence. 'Tis certain he was very orthodox in the doctrine of the Trinity; and all this process against him was only occasioned by the malice of his enemies. His logical comparison proved rather the three Divine Persons one, than multiplied the Divine Nature into three. His comparison is, that as the three propositions in a syllogism are but one truth, so the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost are but one essence. And 'tis certain the inconveniences which may be drawn from this parallel are not more than what may be drawn from the comparison of the three dimensions of solids, so much insisted on by that famous orthodox mathematician,

Dr. Wallis of England. But great numbers of pious and learned divines, who have not been over subtle in politicks, have been persecuted and condemned as well as Abelard, by the ignorance and malice of their caballing brethren.

A little after his condemnation, Abelard was ordered to return to St. Dennis. The liberty he had taken to censure the vicious lives of the monks had raised him a great many enemies. Among these was St. Bernard, not upon the same motives as those monks, but because Abelard's great wit, joined with so loose and sensual a life, gave him jealousy, who thought it impossible the heart should be defiled without the head being likewise tainted.

Scarce had he returned to St. Dennis, when one day he dropt some words, intimating he did not believe that the St. Dennis their patron was the Areopagite mentioned in the scripture, there being no probability that he ever was in France. This was immediately carried to the abbot, who was full of joy, that he had now a handle to heighten the accusations of heresy against him with some crime against the state; a method frequently used by this sort of gentlemen to make sure their revenge. In those times too the contradicting the notions of the monks was enough to prove a man an atheist, heretick, rebel, or any thing: Learning signified nothing. If any one of a clearer head and larger capacity had the misfortune to be suspected of novelty, there was no way to avoid the general persecution of the monks, but voluntarily banishing himself. The abbot immediately assembled all the house, and
2 declared

declared he would deliver up to the secular power a person who had dared to reflect upon the honour of the kingdom and of the crown. Abelard very rightly judging that such threatenings were not to be despised, fled by night to Champagne, to a cloyster of the monks of Troyes, and there patiently waited till the storm should be over. After the death of this abbot, which, very luckily for him, happened soon after his flight, he obtained leave to live where he pleased, though it was not without using some cunning. He knew the monks of so rich a house had fallen into great excesses, and were very obnoxious to the court, who would not fail to make their profit of it: He therefore procured it should be represented to the council, as very disadvantageous to his majesty's interest, that a person who was continually censuring the lives of his brethren should continue any longer with them. This was immediately understood, and orders given to some great man at court to demand of the abbot and monks, why they kept a person in their house whose conduct was so disagreeable to them, and, far from being an ornament to the society, was a continual vexation, by publishing their faults? This being very opportunely moved to the new abbot, he gave Abelard leave to retire to what cloyster he pleased.

Abelard, who had all the qualities which make a great man, could not however bear, without repining, the numerous misfortunes with which he saw himself embarrassed, and had frequent thoughts of publishing a manifesto to justify himself from the
scandalous

scandalous imputations his enemies had laid upon him, and to undeceive those whom their malice had prejudiced against him. But upon cooler thoughts, he determined that it was better to say nothing, and to shew them by his silence how unworthy he thought them of his anger. Thus being rather enraged than troubled at the injuries he had suffered, he resolved to found a new society consisting chiefly of monks. To this purpose he chose a solitude in the diocese of Troyes, on the banks of the Seine, about 40 leagues from Paris, and upon some ground which was given him by permission of the bishop, he built a little house, and a chapel, which he dedicated to the most Holy Trinity.

Men of learning were then scarce, and the desire of science was beginning to spread itself. Our exile was enquired after and found. Scholars crowded to him from all parts: They built little huts, and were very liberal to their master for his lectures; content to live on herbs and roots and water, that they might have the advantage of learning from so extraordinary a man; and with great zeal they enlarged the chapel, building that and their professor's house with wood and stone.

Upon this occasion, Abelard, to continue the memory of the comfort he had received in this desert, dedicated his new-built chapel to the Holy Ghost, by the name of the Paraclete or Comforter. The envy of Alberic and Lotulf, which had long since persecuted him, was strangely revived, upon seeing so many scholars flock to him from all parts,
notwithstanding

notwithstanding the inconveniences of the place, and in contempt of the masters who might so commodiously have been found in the towns and cities.

They now more than ever sought occasions to trouble him; the name of Paraclete furnished them with one; they gave out that this novelty was a consequence of his former heresy, and that it was no more lawful to dedicate churches to the Holy Ghost, than to God the Father: That this title was a subtle art of instilling that poison which he durst not spread openly; and a consequence of his heretical doctrine, which had been condemned already by a council. This report raised a great clamour among numbers of people, whom his enemies employed from all sides. But the persecution grew more terrible when St. Bernard and St. Norbet declared against him, two great zealots, fired with the spirit of reformation, and who declared themselves restorers of the primitive discipline, and had wonderfully gained upon the affections of the populace. They spread such scandal against him, that they prejudiced his principal friends, and forced those who still loved him, not to shew it any ways; and upon these accounts made his life so bitter to him that he was upon the point of leaving Christendom. But his unhappiness would not let him do a thing which might have procured his ease; but made him still continue with Christians, and with monks (as himself expresses it) worse than heathens.

The duke of Bretagne, informed of his misfortunes, and of the barbarity of his enemies, named him to the abbey of St. Gildas in the diocese of Vannes,

Vannes, at the desire of the monks, who had already elected him for their superior. Here he thought he had found a refuge from the rage of his enemies, but in reality he had only changed one trouble for another. The profligate lives of the monks, and the arbitrariness of a lord, who had deprived them of the greater part of their revenues, so that they were obliged to maintain their mistresses and children at their own private expence, occasioned him a thousand vexations and dangers. They several times endeavoured to poison him in his ordinary diet, but proving unsuccessful that way, they tried to do it in the holy sacrament. Excommunications, with which he threatened the most mutinous, did not at all abate the disorder; he now feared the poniard more than poison, and compared his case to his whom the tyrant of Syracuse caused to be seated at his table, with a sword hanging over him fastened only by a thread.

Whilst Abelard thus suffered in his abbey by his monks; the nuns of Argentueil, of whom Eloisa was chosen prioress, grew so licentious, that Suger, abbot of St. Dennis, taking advantage of their irregularities, got possession of their monastery. He sent the original writings to Rome, and having obtained the answer he desired, he expelled the nuns, and established in their place monks of his order.

Some censorious people upon reading this passage will be apt to entertain strong suspicions of Eloisa; and judge it probable that a governor does not behave well, when dissoluteness is known to reign in the society. I have never read that she
was

was included by name in the general scandal of the society, and therefore am cautious not to bring any accusations against her. Our Saviour says, *No one hath condemned thee, neither do I condemn thee.*

Eloisa, at her departure from the convent of Argentueil, applied to her husband; who, by permission of the bishop of Troyes, gave her the house and chapel of the Paraclete, with its appendages; and placing there some nuns, founded a nunnery. Pope Innocent II. confirmed this donation in the year 1131. This is the origin of the abbey of the Paraclete, of which Eloisa was the first abbess. Whatever her conduct was among the licentious nuns of Argentueil, 'tis certain she lived so regular in this her new and last retreat, and behaved herself with that prudence, zeal, and piety, that she won the hearts of all the world, and in a small time had abundance of donations. Abelard himself says, she had more in one year, than he could have expected in all his life, had he lived there. The bishops loved her as their child, the abbesses as their sister, and the world as their mother. It must be owned some women have had wonderful talents for exciting Christian charity. The abbesses which succeeded Eloisa have often been of the greatest families in the kingdom. There is a list of them in the notes of Andrew du Chene upon Abelard's works, from the time of the foundation in 1130, to 1615; but he has not thought fit to take notice of Jane Chabot, who died the 25th of June 1593, and professed the protestant religion, yet without marrying,

marrying, or quitting her habit, though she was driven from her abbey.

After Abelard had settled Eloisa here, he made frequent journeys from Bretagne to Champagne, to take care of the interest of this rising house, and to ease himself from the vexations of his own abbey. But slander so perpetually followed this unhappy man, that though his present condition was universally known, he was reproached with a remaining voluptuous passion for his former mistress. He complains of his hard usage in one of his letters; but comforts himself by the example of St. Jerom, whose friendship with Paula occasioned scandal too; and thought he entirely confuted their calumny, by remarking that even the most jealous commit their wives to the custody of eunuchs.

The thing which gives the greatest reason to suspect the prudence of Eloisa, and that Abelard did not think himself safe with her, is his making a resolution to separate himself for ever from her. During his being employed in establishing this new nunnery, and in ordering their affairs, as well temporal as spiritual, he was diligent in persuading her by frequent and pious admonitions to such a separation; and insisted that in order to make their retirement and penitence more profitable, it was absolutely necessary they should seriously endeavour to forget each other, and for the future think of nothing but God. When he had given her direction for her own conduct, and rules for the management of the nuns, he took his last leave of her and returned to his abbey in Bretagne, where he continued.

tinued a long time without her hearing any mention of him.

By chance a letter he wrote to one of his friends to comfort him under some disgraces, wherein he had given him a long account of all the persecutions he himself had suffered, fell into the hands of Eloisa. She knew by the superscription from whom it came, and her curiosity made her open it; the reading the particulars of a story she was so much concerned in renewed all her passion, and she hence took an occasion to write to him, complaining of his long silence. Abelard could not forbear answering her; this occasioned the several letters between them which follow this history; and in these we may observe how high a woman is capable of raising the sentiments of her heart, when possessed of a great share of wit and learning, as well as a most violent love.

I shall not tire the reader with any further reflections on the letters of these two lovers, but leave them entirely to his own judgment: only remarking, that he ought not to be surpris'd to find Eloisa's more tender, passionate, and expressive than those of Abelard: She was younger, and consequently more ardent. The sad condition he was in had not altered her love. Besides, she retired only in complaisance to a man she blindly yielded to; and, resolved to preserve her fidelity inviolable, she strove to conquer her desires, and make a virtue of necessity. But the weakness of her sex continually returned, and she felt the force of love in spite of all resistance. It was not the same with
Abelard;

Abelard; for though it was a mistake to think, that by not being in a condition of satisfying his passion, he was, as Eloisa imagined, wholly delivered from the thorn of sensuality; yet he was truly sorry for the disorders of his past life, he was sincerely penitent, and therefore his letters are less violent and passionate than those of Eloisa.

About ten years after Abelard had retired to his abbey, where study was his chief business, his enemies, who had resolved to persecute him to the last, were careful not to let him enjoy the ease of retirement: They thought he was not sufficiently plagued with his monks, and therefore brought a new process of heresy against him before the archbishop of Sens. He desired he might have the liberty of defending his doctrine before a public assembly, and it was granted him. Upon this account the council of Sens was assembled, in which Louis the VIIth assisted in person, in the year 1140. St. Bernard was the accuser, and delivered to the assembly some propositions drawn from Abelard's book, which were read in the council. This accusation gave Abelard such fears, and was managed with such inveterate malice by his enemies, and with such great unfairness in drawing consequences he never thought of; that imagining he had friends at Rome who would protect his innocence, he made an appeal to the pope. The council, notwithstanding his appeal, condemned his book, but did not meddle with his person; and gave an account of the whole proceeding to pope Innocent II; praying him to confirm their sentence. St. Bernard
had

had been so early in prepossessing the pontiff, that he got the sentence confirmed before Abelard heard any thing of it, or had any time to present himself before the tribunal, to which he had appealed. His holiness ordered besides, that Abelard's books should be burnt, himself confined, and for ever prohibited from teaching.

This passage of St. Bernard's life is not much for the honour of his memory: and whether he took the trouble himself to extract the condemned propositions from Abelard's works, or intrusted it to another hand, 'tis certain the paper he gave in contained many things which Abelard never wrote, and others which he did not mean in the sense imputed to him.

When a few particular expressions are urged too rigidly, and unthought-of consequences drawn from some assertions, and no regard is had to the general intent and scope of an author, it is no difficult matter to find errors in any book. For this reason Beranger of Poitiers, Abelard's scholar, defended his master against St. Bernard, telling him, he ought not to persecute others, whose own writings were not exempt from errors; demonstrating that he himself had advanced a position, which he would not have failed to have inserted in his extract as a monstrous doctrine, if he had found it in the writings of Abelard.

Some time after Abelard's condemnation, the pope was appeased, at the solicitations of the abbot of Clugny, who received this unfortunate gentleman in his monastery with great humanity, reconciled

ciled him with St. Bernard, and admitted him to be a religious of his society.

This was Abelard's last retirement, in which he found all manner of kindness; he read lectures to the monks, and was equally humble and laborious. At last growing weak, and afflicted with a complication of diseases, he was sent to the priory of St. Marcel upon the Saone, near Chalons, a very agreeable place, where he died the 21st of April, 1142, in the 63d year of his age. His corpse was sent to Eloisa, to be interred in the chapel of the Paraclete, according to her former request of him, and agreeable to his own desire. The abbot of Clugny, when he sent the body to Eloisa, according to the custom of those times, sent with it an absolution to be fixed together with his epitaph on his grave-stone, which absolution was as follows.

I Peter abbot of Clugny, having received Father Abelard into the number of my religious, and now given leave that his body be privately conveyed to the abbey of the Paraclete, to be disposed of by Eloisa, abbess of the same abbey; do by the authority of God and all the saints, absolve the said Abelard from all his sins.

Eloisa, who survived him above one-and-twenty years, had all the leisure that could be desired to effect the cure of her unhappy passion. She past the rest of her days like a religious and devout abbess, frequent in prayer, and entirely employed in the regulation of her society. She loved study, and being mistress of the learned languages, the Latin, Greek, and Hebrew, was esteemed a miracle of learning.

learning. Abelard, in a letter he wrote to the religious of his new house, says expressly, that Eloisa understood these three languages. The abbot of Clugny likewise, in a letter he wrote to her, tells her, she excelled in learning not only all her sex, but the greatest part of men. And in the calendar of the house of the Paraclete, she is recorded in these words: *Eloisa, mother and first abbess of this place, famous for her learning and religion.* I must not here pass by a custom the religious of the Paraclete now have, to commemorate how learned their first abbess was in the Greek, which is, that every year on the day of Pentecost they perform divine service in the Greek tongue.

François d'Amboise tells us, how subtly one day she satisfied St. Bernard, upon his asking her why in her abbey, when they recited the Lord's prayer, they did not say, *give us this day our daily bread,* but *give us this day our super substantial bread,* by an argument drawn from the originals, affirming we ought to follow the Greek version of the gospel which St. Matthew wrote in Hebrew. Without doubt it was not a little surprising to St. Bernard, to hear a woman pose him in a controversy, by citing a greek text. 'Tis true, some authors say Abelard made this answer to St. Bernard, after hearing from Eloisa, that objections were made to that form of prayer. However the case was, a woman with a small competency of learning, might in those times pass for a miracle; and though she might not equal those descriptions which have been given of her, yet she may deservedly be placed in

the rank of women of the greatest erudition. Nor was she less remarkable for her piety, patience, and resignation, during her sicknesses, in the latter part of her life. She died the 17th of May, 1163; and, according to some authors, was interred in the same tomb with her Abelard, which is contradicted by François d'Amboise, who says, he saw at the convent the tombs of the founder and foundress near together. However, a manuscript of Tours gives an account of an extraordinary miracle which happened when Abelard's grave was opened for Eloisa's body, namely, that Abelard stretched out his arms to receive her, and embraced her closely; though there were twenty good years passed since he died.

The following epitaph on Abelard, was sent to Eloisa by the abbot of Clugny: it hath nothing in it delicate either for thought or language; and is only added here for the sake of the curious, and as an instance of the respect paid to the memory of so great a man, and one whom envy had loaded with the greatest defamations.

*P***PETRUS** in hac petra latitat, quem mundus
Homerum

Clamabat, sed jam sidera sidus habent.

Sol erat hic Gallis, sed eum jam fata tulerunt:

Ergo caret Regio Gallica, Sole suo;

Ille sciens quid quid fuit ulli scibile, vicit

Artifices, artes absque docente docens.

Undecimæ Maii Petrum rapuere Calendæ.

Privantes Logices atria Rege suo.

Esa

*Est satis, in tumultu Petrus hic jacet Abelardus,
Cui soli patuit scibile quid quid erat.*

*G*allorum Socrates, Plato maximus Hesperiarum
Noster Aristoteles, Logicis (quicumquē fuerunt)
Aut par aut melior; studiorum cognitus Orbi
Princeps, ingenio varius, subtilis & acer.
Omnia vi superans rationis & arte loquendi,
Abelardus erat. Sed nunc magis omnia vincit,
Cum Cluniacensem Monachum, moremque professus,
Ad Christi veram transivit Philosophiam,
In qua longævæ bene complens ultima vitæ,
Philosophis quandoquē bonis se connumerandum
Spem dedit, undenas Maio renovante Calendas.

The convent of Paraclete is still subsisting, and consists of about thirty nuns under an abbess of noble birth. Madame de Rochefaucault requested an inscription from the academy of Belles Lettres at Paris, in the year 1766, for the tomb of these celebrated lovers, which has been since put up by Madame de Roucy her successor, and is here subjoined with the annexed translation:

Hic
Sub eodem marmore jacent
Hujus Monasterij
Conditor PETRUS ABELARDUS
Et Abbatissa prima ELOISA.
Olim studiis, amore, infaustis nuptiis,
Et penitentia;
Nunc æternâ, ut speramus, felicitate conjuncti.
D 2 PETRUS

52 THE HISTORY OF ABELARD AND ELOISA.

PETRUS ABELARDUS ob. 21 Aprilis

Anno 1142.

ELOISA 17 Maiæ 1163.

CURIS CAROLÆ DE ROUCY

Paracleti Abbatissæ

1779.

“Here under this same marble lie interred the
“remains of PETER ABELARD the founder, and
“ELOISA the first abbess of this monastery. Once
“united in their studies, their genius, their loves,
“their unfortunate nuptials, and exemplary peni-
“tence; and now, we presume to hope, in eternal
“felicity.

“ABELARD died April 21, A. D. 1142. ELOISA,
“May 17, 1163.

“This monument was erected by CHARLOTTE
“DE ROUCY, abbess of Paraclete, 1779.”

LETTERS

L E T T E R S
O F
ABELARD AND ELOISA.

L E T T E R I.

ABELARD to PHILINTUS.

The following letter was written by Abelard to a friend, to comfort him under some afflictions, by a recital of his own sufferings, which had been much heavier. It contains a particular account of his amour with Eloisa, and the unhappy consequences of it.

THE last time we were together, Philintus, you gave me a melancholy account of your misfortunes: I was sensibly touched with the relation, and like a true friend bore a share in your griefs. What did I not say to stop your tears? I laid before you all the reasons philosophy could furnish, which I thought might any ways soften the strokes of fortune: But all these endeavours have proved useless: Grief I perceive has wholly seized your spirits; and your prudence, far from assisting, seems quite to have forsaken you. But my skilful friendship has found out an expedient to relieve you. Attend to me a moment, hear but the

story of my misfortunes; and yours, Philintus, will be nothing, if you compare them with those of the loving and unhappy Abelard. Observe, I beseech you, at what expence I endeavour to serve you; and think this no small mark of my affection; for I am going to present you with the relation of such particulars, as it is impossible for me to recollect without piercing my heart with the most sensible affliction.

You know the place where I was born, but not perhaps that I was born with those complexional faults which strangers charge upon our nation, an extreme lightness of temper, and great inconstancy. I frankly own it, and shall be as free to acquaint you with those good qualities which were observed in me. I had a natural vivacity and aptness for all the polite arts. My father was a gentleman, and a man of good parts; he loved the wars, but differed in his sentiments from many who follow that profession. He thought it no praise to be illiterate; but in the camp he knew how to converse at the same time with the muses and Bellona. He was the same in the management of his family, and took equal care to form his children to the study of polite learning, as to their military exercises. As I was his eldest, and favourite son, he took more than ordinary care of my education. I had a natural genius to study, and made an extraordinary progress in it. Smitten with the love of books, and the praises which on all sides were bestowed upon me, I aspired to no reputation, but what proceeded from learning. To my brothers
I left

I left the glory of battles, and the pomp of triumphs; nay more, I yielded them up my birth-right and patrimony. I knew necessity was the great spur to study, and was afraid I should not merit the title of learned, if I distinguished myself from others by nothing but a more plentiful fortune. Of all the sciences, Logic was the most to my taste. Such were the arms I chose to profess. Furnished with the weapons of reasoning, I took pleasure in going to public disputations, to win trophies; and wherever I heard that this art flourished, I ranged, like another Alexander, from province to province, to seek new adversaries, with whom I might try my strength.

The ambition I had to become formidable in logic led me at last to Paris, the center of politeness, and where the science I was so smitten with, had usually been in the greatest perfection. I put myself under the direction of one Champeaux a professor, who had acquired the character of the most skilful philosopher of his age, by negative excellencies only, by being the least ignorant. He received me with great demonstrations of kindness, but I was not so happy as to please him long: I was too knowing in the subjects he discoursed upon; I often confuted his notions; often in our disputations I pushed a good argument so home, that all his subtilty was not able to elude its force. It was impossible he should see himself surpassed by his scholar without resentment. It is sometimes dangerous to have too much merit.

Envy increased against me proportionably to my
 D 4 reputation.

reputation. My enemies endeavoured to interrupt my progress, but their malice only provoked my courage. And measuring my abilities by the jealousy I had raised, I thought I had no farther occasion for Champeaux's lectures, but rather that I was sufficiently qualified to read to others. I stood for a place which was vacant at Melun. My master used all his artifice to defeat my hopes, but in vain; and on this occasion, I triumphed over his cunning, as before I had done over his learning. My lectures were always crowded, and my beginnings so fortunate, that I entirely obscured the renown of my famous master. Flushed with these happy conquests, I removed to Corbeil, to attack the masters there, and so establish my character of the ablest logician. The violence of travelling threw me into a dangerous distemper, and not being able to recover my strength, my physicians, who perhaps were in a league with Champeaux, advised me to remove to my native air. Thus I voluntarily banished myself for some years. I leave you to imagine whether my absence was not regretted by the better sort. At length I recovered my health, when I received news that my greatest adversary had taken the habit of a monk; you may think it was an act of penitence for having persecuted me; quite the contrary, 'twas ambition; he resolved to raise himself to some church dignity, therefore fell into the beaten track, and took on him the garb of feigned austerity; for this is the easiest and shortest way to the highest ecclesiastical dignities. His wishes were successful, and he ob-
tained

tained a bishopric : Yet did he not quit Paris, and the care of the schools : He went to his diocese to gather in his revenues, but returned and passed the rest of his time in reading lectures to those few pupils which followed him. After this I often engaged with him, and may reply to you as Ajax did to the Greeks ;

*If you demand the fortune of that day
When staked on this right hand your honours lay,
If I did not oblige the foe to yield,
Yet did I never basely quit the field.*

About this time my father Beranger, who to the age of sixty had lived very agreeably, retired from the world, and shut himself up in a cloister, where he offered up to heaven the languid remains of a life he could make no farther use of. My mother, who was yet young, took the same resolution. She turned a religious, but did not entirely abandon the satisfactions of life. Her friends were continually at the grate ; and the monastery, when one has an inclination to make it so, is exceedingly charming and pleasant. I was present when my mother was professed. At my return I resolved to study divinity, and inquired for a director in that study. I was recommended to one Anselm, the very oracle of his time ; but to give you my own opinion, one more venerable for his age and wrinkles, than for his genius or learning. If you consulted him upon any difficulty, the sure consequence was to be much more uncertain in the point. They who

only saw him admired him, but those who reasoned with him were extremely dissatisfied. He was a great master of words, and talked much, but meant nothing. His discourse was a fire, which instead of enlightening obscured every thing with its smoke; a tree beautified with variety of leaves and branches, but barren. I came to him with a desire to learn, but found him like the fig-tree in the Gospel, or the old oak to which Lucan compares Pompey. I continued not long underneath his shadow. I took for my guides the primitive fathers, and boldly launched into the ocean of the Holy Scriptures. In a short time I made such a progress, that others chose me for their director. The number of my scholars was incredible, and the gratuities I received from them were answerable to the great reputation I had acquired. Now I found myself safe in the harbour, the storms were passed, and the rage of my enemies had spent itself without effect. Happy, had I known to make a right use of this calm! but when the mind is most easy, 'tis most exposed to love, and even security here is the most dangerous state.

And now, my friend, I am going to expose to you all my weaknesses. All men, I believe, are under a necessity of paying tribute, at some time or other, to love, and it is vain to strive to avoid it. I was a philosopher, yet this tyrant of the mind triumphed over all my wisdom; his darts were of greater force than all my reasonings, and with a sweet constraint he led me whither he pleased. Heaven, amidst an abundance of blessings with which

I was intoxicated, threw in a heavy affliction. I became a most signal example of its vengeance; and the more unhappy, because, having deprived me of the means of accomplishing my satisfaction, it left me to the fury of my criminal desires. I will tell you, my dear friend, the particulars of my story, and leave you to judge whether I deserved so severe a correction. I had always an aversion for those light women, whom it is a reproach to pursue; I was ambitious in my choice, and wished to find some obstacles, that I might surmount them with the greater glory and pleasure.

There was in Paris a young creature (ah Philintus!) formed in a prodigality of nature, to shew mankind a finished composition; dear Eloisa! the reputed niece of one Fulbert, a canon. Her wit and her beauty would have fired the dullest and most insensible heart; and her education was equally admirable. Eloisa was mistress of the most polite arts. You may easily imagine, that this did not a little help to captivate me: I saw her, I loved her: I resolved to endeavour to engage her affections. The thirst of glory cooled immediately in my heart, and all my passions were lost in this new one. I thought of nothing but Eloisa; every thing brought her image to my mind. I was pensive, restless, and my passion was so violent as to admit of no restraint. I was always vain and presumptive; I flattered myself already with the most bewitching hopes. My reputation had spread itself every where; and could a virtuous lady resist a man that had confounded all the learned of the age? I was

young—could she shew an insensibility to those vows which my heart never formed for any but herself? My person was advantageous enough, and by my dress no one would have suspected me for a doctor; and dress, you know, is not a little engaging with women. Besides, I had wit enough to write a Billet-doux, and hoped, if ever she permitted my absent self to entertain her, she would read with pleasure those breathings of my heart.

Filled with these notions, I thought of nothing but the means to speak to her. Lovers either find or make all things easy. By the offices of common friends, I gained the acquaintance of Fulbert. And can you believe it, Philintus? he allowed me the privilege of his table, and an apartment in his house. I paid him indeed a considerable sum, for persons of his character do nothing without money. But what would I not have given? You, my dear friend, know what love is; imagine then what a pleasure it must have been to a heart so inflamed as mine, to be always so near the dear object of desire? I would not have exchanged my happy condition for that of the greatest monarch upon earth. I saw Eloisa, I spoke to her—each action, each confused look, told her the trouble of my soul. And she, on the other side, gave me ground to hope for every thing from her generosity. Fulbert desired me to instruct her in philosophy; by this means I found opportunities of being in private with her, and yet I was sure of all men the most timorous in declaring my passion.

As I was with her one day alone, charming Eloisa,
said

said I, blushing, if you know yourself, you will not be surprized with that passion you have inspired me with. Uncommon as it is, I can express it but with the common terms—I love you, adorable Eloisa! 'Till now I thought philosophy made us masters of all our passions, and that it was a refuge from the storms in which weak mortals are tossed and shipwrecked: But you have destroyed my security, and broken this philosophic courage. I have despised riches: Honour and its pageantries could never raise a weak thought in me: Beauty alone has fired my soul; happy if she who raised this passion, kindly receives this declaration; but if it is an offence——No, replied Eloisa; she must be very ignorant of your merit, who can be offended at your passion. But for my own repose, I wish either that you had not made this declaration, or that I were at liberty not to suspect your sincerity. Ah! divine Eloisa, said I, flinging myself at her feet, I swear by yourself——I was going on to convince her of the truth of my passion, but heard a noise, and it was Fulbert: There was no avoiding it, but I must do a violence to my desire, and change the discourse to some other subject. After this, I found frequent opportunities to free Eloisa from those suspicions, which the general insincerity of men had raised in her; and she too much desired what I said were truth, not to believe it. Thus there was a most happy understanding between us. The same house, the same love, united our persons and our desires. How many soft moments did we pass together! We took all opportunities to express

62 ABELARD to PHILINTUS.

to each other our mutual affections, and were ingenious in contriving incidents which might give us a plausible occasion of meeting. Pyramus and Thisbe's discovery of the crack in the wall, was but a slight representation of our love and its sagacity. In the dead of night, when Fulbert and his domestics were in a sound sleep, we improved the time, proper to the sweet thefts of love: Not contenting ourselves, like those unfortunate lovers, with giving insipid kisses to a wall, we made use of all the moments of our charming interviews. In the place where we met we had no lions to fear, and the study of philosophy served us for a blind. But I was so far from making any advances in the sciences, that I lost all my taste of them, and when I was obliged to go from the sight of my dear mistress to my philosophical exercises, it was with the utmost regret and melancholy. Love is incapable of being concealed; a word, a look, nay silence speaks it. My scholars discovered it first; they saw I had no longer that vivacity of thought to which all things were easy: I could now do nothing but write verses to sooth my passion: I quitted Aristotle and his dry maxims, to practise the precepts of the more ingenious Ovid. No day passed in which I did not compose amorous verses. Love was my inspiring Apollo. My songs were spread abroad, and gained me frequent applauses. Those who were in love as I was, took a pride in learning them; and by luckily applying my thoughts and verses, have obtained favours, which perhaps they could not otherwise have

have gained: This gave our amours such an eclat, that the loves of Eloisa and Abelard were the subject of all conversations.

The town-talk at last reached Fulbert's ears; it was with great difficulty he gave credit to what he heard, for he loved his niece, and was prejudiced in my favour; but upon closer examination, he began to be less incredulous. He surprised us in in one of our more soft conversations: How fatal sometimes are the consequences of curiosity! The anger of Fulbert seemed too moderate on this occasion, and I feared in the end some more heavy revenge. It is impossible to express the grief and regret which filled my soul, when I was obliged to leave the canon's house and my dear Eloisa. But this separation of our persons the more firmly united our minds; and the desperate condition we were reduced to, made us capable of attempting any thing.

My intrigues gave me but little shame, so lovingly did I esteem the occasion: Think what the gay young divinities said, when Vulcan caught Mars and the goddess of beauty in his net, and impute it all to me. Fulbert surprised me with Eloisa, and what man that had a soul in him would not have borne any ignominy on the same conditions? The next day I provided myself with a private lodging near the loved house, being resolved not to abandon my prey. I continued some time without appearing publicly. Ah how long did those few moments seem to me! When we fall from a state
of

64 ABELARD to PHILINTUS.

of happiness, with what impatience do we bear our misfortunes!

It being impossible that I could live without seeing Eloisa, I endeavoured to engage her servant, whose name was Agaton, in my interest: She was brown, well shaped, of a person superior to the ordinary rank; her features regular, and her eyes sparkling; fit to raise love in any man whose heart was not prepossessed by another passion. I met her alone, and intreated her to have pity on a distressed lover. She answered, she would undertake any thing to serve me, but there was a reward—— at these words I opened my purse, and shewed the shining metal, which lays asleep guards, forces a way through rocks, and softens the hearts of the most obdurate fair. You are mistaken, said she, smiling and shaking her head——you do not know me; could gold tempt me, a rich abbot takes his nightly station, and sings under my window; he offers to send me to his abbey, which, he says, is situated in the most pleasant country in the world. A courtier offers me a considerable sum, and assures me I need have no apprehensions; for if our amours have consequences, he will marry me to his gentleman, and give him a handsome employment. To say nothing of a young officer, who patrols about here every night, and makes his attacks after all imaginable forms. It must be love only which could oblige him to follow me; for I have not, like your great ladies, any rings or jewels to tempt him: Yet during all his siege of love, his feather and his embroidered coat have not made any breach
in

in my heart: I shall not quickly be brought to capitulate; I am too faithful to my first conqueror—and then she looked earnestly on me. I answered, I did not understand her discourse. She replied, for a man of sense and gallantry, you have a very slow apprehension; I am in love with you, Abelard; I know you adore Eloisa, I do not blame you; I desire only to enjoy the second place in your affections; I have a tender heart, as well as my mistress; you may without difficulty make returns to my passion; do not perplex yourself with unfashionable scruples: A prudent man ought to love several at the same time; if one should fail, he is not then left unprovided.

You cannot imagine, Philintus, how much I was surprised at these words; so entirely did I love Eloisa, that without reflecting whether Agaton spoke any thing reasonable or not, I immediately left her. When I had gone a little way from her, I looked back, and saw her biting her nails in the rage of disappointment, which made me fear some fatal consequences. She hastened to Fulbert, and told him the offer I had made her, but I suppose concealed the other part of the story. The canon never forgave this affront: I afterwards perceived he was more deeply concerned for his niece, than I at first imagined. Let no lover hereafter follow my example: A woman rejected is an outrageous creature. Agaton was day and night at her window, on purpose to keep me at a distance from her mistress, and so gave her own gallants opportunity enough to display their several abilities.

I was

I was infinitely perplexed what course to take ; at last I applied myself to Eloisa's singing-master. The shining metal, which had no effect on Agaton, charmed him ; he was excellently qualified for conveying a billet, with the greatest dexterity and secrecy. He delivered one of mine to Eloisa, who, according to my appointment, was ready at the end of a garden, the wall of which I scaled by a ladder of ropes. I confess to you all my failings, Philintus. How would my enemies, Champeaux and Anselm, have triumphed, had they seen the redoubted philosopher in such a wretched condition ? Well—I met my soul's joy, my Eloisa ;—I shall not describe our transports, they were not long ; for the first news Eloisa acquainted me with, plunged me in a thousand distractions. A floating Delos was to be sought for, where she might be safely delivered of a burthen she began already to feel. Without losing much time in debating, I made her presently quit the canon's house, and at break of day depart for Bretagne, where she, like another goddess, gave the world another Apollo, which my sister took care of.

This carrying off Eloisa was sufficient revenge upon Fulbert. It filled him with the deepest concern, and had like to have deprived him of all the little share of wit which heaven had allowed him. His sorrow and lamentation gave the censorious an occasion of suspecting him for something more than the uncle of Eloisa.

In short, I began to pity his misfortune, and to think this robbery which love had made me com-
mit

mit was a sort of treason. I endeavoured to appease his anger by a sincere confession of all that was past, and by hearty engagements to marry Eloisa secretly. He gave me his consent, and with many protestations and embraces confirmed our reconciliation. But what dependence can be made on the word of an ignorant devotee. He was only plotting a cruel revenge, as you will perceive by the sequel.

I took a journey into Bretagne, in order to bring back my dear Eloisa, whom I now considered as my wife. When I had acquainted her with what had passed between the canon and me, I found she was of a contrary opinion to me. She urged all that was possible to divert me from marriage: That it was a bond always fatal to a philosopher; that the cries of children and cares of a family were utterly inconsistent with the tranquillity and application which the study of philosophy required. She quoted to me all that was written on the subject by Theophrastus, Cicero, and above all insisted on the unfortunate Socrates, who quitted life with joy, because by that means he left Xantippe. Will it not be more agreeable to me, said she, to see myself your mistress than your wife? And will not love have more power than marriage to keep our hearts firmly united? Pleasures tasted sparingly, and with difficulty, have always a higher relish, while every thing, by being easy and common, grows flat and insipid.

I was unmoved by all this reasoning. Eloisa prevailed upon my sister Lucilla to engage me; who
taking

taking me aside one day, said, what do you intend, brother? Is it possible that Abelard should in earnest think of marrying Eloisa? She seems indeed to deserve a perpetual affection; beauty, youth, and learning, all that can make a person valuable, meet in her. You may adore all this if you please; but not to flatter you, what is beauty but a flower, which may be blasted by the least fit of sickness? When those features, with which you have been so captivated, shall be sunk, and those graces lost, you will too late repent that you have entangled yourself in a chain, from which death only can free you. I shall see you reduced to the married man's only hope of survivorship. Do you think learning ought to make Eloisa more amiable? I know she is not one of those affected females, who are continually oppressing you with fine speeches, criticising books, and deciding upon the merits of authors. When such a one is in the fury of her discourse, husband, friends, servants, all fly before her. Eloisa has not this fault; yet it is troublesome not to be at liberty to use the least improper expression before a wife, which you bear with pleasure from a mistress.

But you say you are sure of the affections of Eloisa: I believe it; she has given you no ordinary proofs. But can you be sure marriage will not be the tomb of her love? The name of husband and master are always harsh, and Eloisa will not be the Phoenix you now think her. Will she not be a woman? Come, come, the head of a philosopher is less secure than those of other men. My sister
grew

grew warm in the argument, and was going on to give me a hundred more reasons of this kind; but I angrily interrupted her, telling her only, that she did not know Eloisa.

A few days after we departed together from Bretagne, and came to Paris, where I completed my project. It was my intent my marriage should be kept secret, and therefore Eloisa retired among the nuns of Argenteuil.

I now thought Fulbert's anger disarmed; I lived in peace; but alas! our marriage proved but a weak defence against his revenge. Observe, Philintus, to what a barbarity he pursued it! He bribed my servants; an assassin came into my bed-chamber by night with a razor in his hand, and found me in a deep sleep. I suffered the most shameful punishment that the revenge of an enemy could invent; in short, without losing my life, I lost my manhood. I was punished indeed in the offending part; the desire was left me, but not the possibility of satisfying the passion. So cruel an action escaped not unpunished; the villain had the same inflicted on him; poor comfort for so irretrievable an evil! I confess to you, shame more than any sincere penitence made me resolve to hide myself from the sight of men, yet could I not separate myself from my Eloisa. Jealousy took possession of my mind; and at the very expence of her happiness I decreed to disappoint all rivals: Before I put myself in a cloister, I obliged her to take the habit and retire into the nunnery of Argenteuil. I remember somebody would have opposed her making

70 ABELARD to PHILINTUS.

ing such a cruel sacrifice of herself, but she answered like Cornelia after the death of Pompey the great ;

*O my loved Lord! our fatal marriage draws
On thee this doom, and I the guilty cause!
Then whilst thou goest th' extremes of fate to prove,
I'll share that fate, and expiate thus my love.*

Speaking these verses, she marched up to the altar, and took the veil with a constancy which I could not have expected in a woman who had so high a taste of pleasures which she might still enjoy. I blushed at my own weakness, and without deliberating a moment longer, I buried myself in a cloister, resolved to vanquish a fruitless passion. I now reflected that God had chastised me thus grievously, that he might save me from that destruction in which I had like to have been swallowed up. In order to avoid idleness, the unhappy incendiary of those criminal flames which had ruined me in the world, I endeavoured in my retirement to put those talents to a good use which I had before so much abused. I gave the novices rules of divinity agreeable to the holy fathers and councils. In the meanwhile the enemies which my new fame had raised up, and especially Alberic and Lotulf, who, after the death of their masters Champeaux and Anselm, assumed the sovereignty of learning, began to attack me. They loaded me with the falsest imputations, and, notwithstanding all my defence, I had the mortification to see my books condemned by a council, and burnt. This was a cutting sorrow,
and

and believe me, Philintus, the former calamity I suffered by the cruelty of Fulbert, was nothing in comparison to this.

The affront I had newly received, and the scandalous debaucheries of the monks, obliged me to banish myself, and retire near to Nogent. I lived in a desert, where I flattered myself I should avoid fame, and be secure from the malice of my enemies. I was again deceived. The desire of being taught by me, drew crowds of auditors even thither. Many left the towns and their houses, and came and lived in tents; they abandoned the delicacies of a plentiful table and easy life, for herbs, coarse fare, and hard lodging. I looked like the prophet in the wilderness attended by his disciples. My lectures were perfectly clear from all that had been condemned. And happy had it been if our solitude had been inaccessible to envy! With the considerable gratuities I received, I built a chapel, and dedicated it to the holy ghost, by the name of the Paraclete. The rage of my enemies now awakened again, and forced me to quit this retreat. This I did without much difficulty. But first the bishop of Troyes gave me leave to establish there a nunnery, which I did, and committed the care of it to my dear Eloisa. When I had settled her, can you believe it, Philintus? I left her without taking any leave. I did not wander long without any settled habitation; for the duke of Bretagne, informed of my misfortunes, named me to the abbey of St. Gildas, where I now am, and where I suffer every day fresh persecutions.

I live

I live in a barbarous country, the language of which I do not understand ; I have no conversation but with the rudest people. My walks are on the inaccessible shore of a sea, which is perpetually stormy. My monks are only known by their dissoluteness, and living without any rule or order. Could you see the abbey, Philintus, you would not call it one. The doors and walls are without any ornament, except the heads of wild boars and hind's feet, with the hides of frightful animals which are nailed up against them. The cells are hung with the skins of deer. The monks have not so much as a bell to wake them ; the cocks and dogs supply that defect. In short, they pass their whole days in hunting ; would to heaven that were their greatest fault ! or that their pleasures terminated there ! I endeavour in vain to recal them to their duty ; they all combine against me, and I only expose myself to continual vexations and dangers. I imagine I see every moment a naked sword hang over my head. Sometimes they surround me, and load me with infinite abuses ; sometimes they abandon me, and I am left alone to my own tormenting thoughts. I make it my endeavour to merit by my sufferings, and to appease an angry God. Sometimes I grieve for the loss of the house of the Paraclete, and wish to see it again. Ah Philintus ! does not the love of Eloisa still burn in my heart ? I have not yet triumphed over that unhappy passion. In the midst of my retirement I sigh, I weep, I pine ; I speak the dear name Eloisa, and am pleased to hear the sound ; I complain of the severity of heaven.

ABELARD to PHILINTUS. 73

heaven. But oh! let us not deceive ourselves: I have not made a right use of grace. I am thoroughly wretched. I have not yet torn from my heart the deep roots which vice has planted in it. For if my conversion were sincere, how could I take a pleasure to relate my past follies? Could I not more easily comfort myself in my afflictions; could I not turn to my advantage those words of God himself, *If they have persecuted me, they will also persecute you; if the world hate you, ye know that it hated me also?* Come, Philintus, let us make a strong effort, turn our misfortunes to our advantage, make them meritorious, or at least wipe out our offences; let us receive without murmuring what comes from the hand of God, and let us not oppose our will to his. Adieu. I give you advice, which could I myself follow, I should be happy.

E

LETTER

LETTER II.

ELOISA to ABELARD.

The foregoing letter would probably not have produced any others, if it had been delivered to the person to whom it was directed; but falling by accident into the hands of Eloisa, who knew the character, she opened it; and, by that means, her former passion being awakened, she immediately set herself to write to her husband, as follows.

To her lord, her father, her husband, her brother; his servant, his child, his wife, his sister, and, to express all that is humble, respectful, and loving, to her Abelard, Eloisa writes.

A Consolatory letter of yours to a friend, happened some days since to fall into my hands; my knowledge of the character, and my love of the hand, soon gave me the curiosity to open it: In justification of the liberty I took, I flattered myself I might claim a sovereign privilege over every thing which came from you: Nor was I scrupulous to break through the rules of good-breeding, when it was to hear news of Abelard: But how dear did my curiosity cost me? What disturbance did it occasion?

caſion? And how was I ſurprized to find the whole letter filled with a particular and melancholy account of our miſfortunes? I met with my name a hundred times; I never ſaw it without fear; ſome heavy calamity always followed it: I ſaw yours too, equally unhappy. Theſe mournful, but dear remembrances, put my ſpirits into ſuch a violent motion, that I thought it was too much to offer comfort to a friend for a few ſlight diſgraces, by ſuch extraordinary means as the representation of our ſufferings and revolutions. What reflections did I not make! I began to conſider the whole aſreſh, and perceived myſelf preſſed with the ſame weight of grief as when we firſt began to be miſerable. Though length of time ought to have cloſed up my wounds, yet the ſeeing them deſcribed by your hand was ſufficient to make them all open and bleed aſreſh. Nothing can ever blot from my memory what you have ſuffered in defence of your writings. I cannot help thinking of the rancorous malice of Alberic and Lotulf. A cruel uncle, and an injured lover, will be always preſent to my aching ſight. I ſhall never forget what enemies your learning, and what envy your glory raiſed againſt you. I ſhall never forget your reputation, ſo juſtly acquired, torn to pieces, and blaſted by the inexorable cruelty of half-learned pretenders to ſcience. Was not your treatiſe of divinity condemned to be burnt? Were you not threatened with perpetual impriſonment? In vain you urged in your defence, that your enemies impoſed on you opinions quite different from your mean-

ing: In vain you condemned those opinions; all was of no effect towards your justification; it was resolved you should be a heretic. What did not those two false prophets accuse you of, who declaimed so severely against you before the council of Sens? What scandals were vented on occasion of the name Paraclete given to your chapel? What a storm was raised against you by the treacherous monks, when you did them the honour to be called their brother? This history of our numerous misfortunes, related in so true and moving a manner, made my heart bleed within me: My tears, which I could not restrain, have blotted half your letter; I wish they had effected the whole, and that I had returned it to you in that condition: I should then have been satisfied with the little time I kept it; but it was demanded of me too soon.

I must confess I was much easier in my mind before I read your letter. Sure all the misfortunes of lovers are conveyed to them through their eyes. Upon reading your letter, I felt all mine renewed. I reproached myself for having been so long without venting my sorrows, when the rage of our unrelenting enemies still burns with the same fury. Since length of time, which disarms the strongest hatred, seems but to aggravate theirs; since it is decreed that your virtue shall be persecuted, till it takes refuge in the grave, and even beyond that, your ashes perhaps will not be suffered to rest in peace; let me always meditate on your calamities, let me publish them through all the world, if possible, to shame an age that has not known how to value

value you. I will spare no one, since no one would interest himself to protect you, and your enemies are never weary of oppressing your innocence. Alas ! my memory is perpetually filled with bitter remembrances of past evils, and are there more to be feared still ? Shall my Abelard be never mentioned without tears ? Shall the dear name be never spoken but with sighs ? Observe, I beseech you, to what a wretched condition you have reduced me : Sad, afflicted, without any possible comfort, unless it proceed from you. Be not then unkind, nor deny, I beg you, that little relief which you only can give. Let me have a faithful account of all that concerns you. I would know every thing, be it ever so unfortunate. Perhaps, by mingling my sighs with yours, I may make your sufferings less ; if that observation be true, that all sorrows divided are made lighter.

Tell me not, by way of excuse, you will spare our tears ; the tears of women, shut up in a melancholy place, and devoted to penitence, are not to be spared. And if you wait for an opportunity to write pleasant and agreeable things to us, you will delay writing too long : Prosperity seldom chuses the side of the virtuous ; and Fortune is so blind, that in a crowd, in which there is perhaps but one wise and brave man, it is not to be expected she should single him out. Write to me then immediately ; and wait not for miracles ; they are too scarce, and we too much accustomed to misfortunes to expect any happy turn. I shall always have this, if you please, and this will be always agreeable to me, that when I receive any let-

ters from you, I shall know you still remember me. Seneca, (with whose writings you made me acquainted) as much a stoick as he was, seemed to be so very sensible of this kind of pleasure, that upon opening any letters from Lucilius, he imagined he felt the same delight as when they conversed together.

I have made it an observation since our absence, that we are much fonder of the pictures of those we love, when they are at a great distance, than when they are near to us. It seems to me, as if the farther they are removed, their pictures grow the more finished, and acquire a greater resemblance: at least our imagination, which perpetually figures them to us by the desire we have of seeing them again, makes us think so. By a peculiar power, love can make that seem life itself, which, as soon as the beloved object returns, is nothing but a little canvas and dead colours. I have your picture in my room, I never pass by it without stopping to look at it; and yet when you were present with me, I scarce ever cast my eyes upon it. If a picture, which is but a mute representation of an object, can give such pleasure, what cannot letters inspire? They have souls, they can speak; they have in them all that force which expresses the transports of the heart; they have all the fire of our passions, they can raise them as much as if the persons themselves were present; they have all the softness and delicacy of speech, and sometimes a boldness of expression even beyond it.

We may write to each other; so innocent a pleasure

sure is not forbidden us. Let us not lose, through negligence, the only happiness which is left us, and the only one perhaps which the malice of our enemies can never ravish from us. I shall read that you are my husband, and you shall see me address you as a wife. In spite of all your misfortunes, you may be what you please in your letters. Letters were first invented for comforting such solitary wretches as myself. Having lost the substantial pleasures of seeing and possessing you, I shall in some measure compensate this loss, by the satisfaction I shall find in your writing. There I shall read your most secret thoughts; I shall carry them always about me, I shall kiss them every moment. If you can be capable of any jealousy, let it be for the fond caresses I shall bestow on your letters, and envy only the happiness of those rivals. That writing may be no trouble to you, write always to me carelessly, and without study: I had rather read the dictates of the heart than of the brain. I cannot live, if you do not tell me you always love me; but that language ought to be so natural to you, that I believe you cannot speak otherwise to me, without great violence to yourself. And since, by that melancholy relation to your friend, you have awakened all my sorrows, it is but reasonable you should allay them by some marks of an inviolable attachment.

I do not however reproach you for the innocent artifice you made use of to comfort a person in affliction, by comparing his misfortune to another much greater. Charity is ingenious in finding out

30 ELOISA to ABELARD.

such pious artifices, and to be commended for using them. But do you owe nothing more to us than to that friend, be the friendship between you ever so intimate? We are called your sisters; we call ourselves your children; and if it were possible to think of any expressions which could signify a dearer relation, or a more affectionate regard and mutual obligation between us, we would use them: If we could be so ungrateful as not to speak our just acknowledgments to you, this church, these altars, these walls, would reproach our silence and speak for us. But without leaving it to that, it will be always a pleasure to me to say, that you only are the founder of this house; it is wholly your work. You, by inhabiting here, have given fame and sanction to a place, known before only for robberies and murders. You have in the literal sense made the den of thieves a house of prayer. These cloisters owe nothing to public charities; our walls were not raised by the usury of publicans, nor their foundations laid in base extortion. The God whom we serve, sees nothing but innocent riches, and harmless votaries, whom you have placed here. Whatever this young vineyard is, all is owing to you; and it is your part to employ your whole care to cultivate and improve it; this ought to be one of the principal affairs of your life. Though our holy renunciation, our vows, and our manner of life, seem to secure us from all temptations; though our walls and grates prohibit all approaches, yet it is the outside only, the bark of the tree, is covered from injuries; while the
sap

sap of original corruption may imperceptibly spread within, even to the heart, and prove fatal to the most promising plantation, unless continual care be taken to cultivate and secure it. Virtue in us is grafted upon nature and the woman; the one is weak, and the other is always changeable. To plant the Lord's vine is a work of no little labour; and after it is planted, it will require great application and diligence to manure it. The apostle of the gentiles, as great a labourer as he was, says, he hath planted, and Apollos hath watered, but it is God that gives the increase. Paul had planted the gospel among the Corinthians, by his holy and earnest preaching; Apollos, a zealous disciple of that great master, continued to cultivate it by frequent exhortations; and the grace of God, which their constant prayers implored for that church, made the endeavours of both successful.

This ought to be an example for your conduct towards us. I know you are not slothful; yet your labours are not directed to us; your cares are wasted upon a set of men, whose thoughts are only earthly, and you refuse to reach out your hand to support those who are weak and staggering in their way to heaven, and who, with all their endeavours, can scarcely preserve themselves from falling. You sling the pearls of the gospel before swine, when you speak to those who are filled with the good things of this world, and nourished with the fatness of the earth; and you neglect the innocent sheep, who, tender as they are, would yet follow you through deserts and mountains. Why are

such pains thrown away upon the ungrateful, while not a thought is bestowed upon your children, whose souls would be filled with a sense of your goodness? But why should I intreat you in the name of your children? Is it possible I should fear obtaining any thing of you, when I ask it in my own name? And must I use any other prayers than my own, to prevail upon you? The St. Austins, Tertullians, and Jeromes, have wrote to the Eudoxas, Paulas, and Melanias; and can you read those names, though of saints, and not remember mine? Can it be criminal for you to imitate St. Jerome, and discourse with me concerning the scripture; or Tertullian, and preach mortification; or St. Austin, and explain to me the nature of grace? Why should I only reap no advantage from your learning? When you write to me, you will write to your wife. Marriage has made such a correspondence lawful; and since you can, without giving the least scandal, satisfy me, why will you not? I am not only engaged by my vows, which might possibly be sometimes neglected; but I have a barbarous uncle, whose inhumanity is a security against any criminal desires which tenderness and the remembrance of our past enjoyments might create. There is nothing that can cause you any fear; you need not fly to conquer. You may see me, hear my sighs, and be a witness of all my sorrows, without incurring any danger, since you can only relieve me with tears and words. If I have put myself into a cloister with reason, persuade me to continue in it with devotion:

devotion: You have been the occasion of all my misfortunes; you therefore must be the instrument of all my comfort.

You cannot but remember, (for what do not lovers remember?) with what pleasure I have past whole days in hearing you discourse. How when you were absent I shut myself up from every one to write to you; how uneasy I was, till my letter had come to your hands; what artful management it required to engage confidants: This detail perhaps surprises you, and you are in pain for what will follow. But I am no longer ashamed, that my passion has had no bounds for you; for I have done more than all this. I have hated myself that I might love you; I came hither to ruin myself in a perpetual imprisonment, that I might make you live quiet and easy. Nothing but virtue, joined to a love perfectly disengaged from the commerce of the senses, could have produced such effects. Vice never inspires any thing like this, it is too much enslaved to the body. When we love pleasures, we love the living and not the dead. We leave off burning with desire, for those who can no longer burn for us. This was my cruel uncle's notion; he measured my virtue by the frailty of my sex, and thought it was the man, and not the person, I loved. But he has been guilty to no purpose. I love you more than ever, and, to revenge myself of him, I will still love you with all the tenderness of my soul till the last moments of my life. If formerly my affection for you was not so pure, if in those days the mind and

the body shared in the pleasure of loving you, I often told you, even then, that I was more pleased with possessing your heart than with any other happiness, and the man was the thing I least valued in you.

You cannot but be entirely persuaded of this by the extreme unwillingness I shewed to marry you; though I knew that the name of wife was honourable in the world, and holy in religion, yet the name of your mistress had greater charms, because it was more free. The bonds of matrimony, however honourable, still bear with them a necessary engagement. And I was very unwilling to be necessitated to love always a man who perhaps would not always love me. I despised the name of wife, that I might live happy with that of mistress; and I find by your letter to your friend, you have not forgot that delicacy of passion in a woman who loved you always with the utmost tenderness, and yet wished to love you more. You have very justly observed in your letter, that I esteemed those public engagements insipid, which form alliances only to be dissolved by death, and which put life and love under the same unhappy necessity: But you have not added how often I have made protestations that it was infinitely preferable to me to live with Abelard as his mistress, than with any other as empress of the world; and that I was more happy in obeying you, than I should have been in lawfully captivating the Lord of the universe. Riches and pomp are not the charms of love. True tenderness makes us separate the lover from
all

all that is external to him, and, setting aside his quality, fortune, and employments, consider him singly by himself.

It is not love, but the desire of riches and honour, which makes women run into the embraces of indolent husbands. Ambition, not affection, forms such marriages. I believe indeed they may be followed with some honours and advantages, but I can never think that this is the way to enjoy the pleasures of an affectionate union, nor to feel those secret and charming emotions of hearts that have long strove to be united. These martyrs of marriage pine always for larger fortunes, which they think they have lost. The wife sees husbands richer than her own, and the husband wives better portioned than his. Their interested vows occasion regret, and regret produces hatred. They soon part, or always desire it. This restless and tormenting passion punishes them for aiming at other advantages in love than love itself.

If there is any thing which my properly be called happiness here below, I am persuaded it is in the union of two persons who love each other with perfect liberty, who are united by a secret inclination, and satisfied with each other's merit: Their hearts are full, and leave no vacancy for any other passion; they enjoy perpetual tranquillity, because they enjoy content.

If I could believe you as truly persuaded of my merit as I am of yours, I might say there has been a time when we were such a pair. Alas! how was it possible I should not be certain of your merit?

rit? If I could ever have doubted it, the universal esteem would have made me determine in your favour. What country, what city has not desired your presence? Could you ever retire, but you drew the eyes and hearts of all after you? Did not every one rejoice in having seen you? Even women, breaking through the laws of decorum which custom had imposed upon them, shewed manifestly they felt something more for you than esteem. I have known some who have been profuse in their husbands praises, who have yet envied my happiness, and given strong intimations, they could have refused you nothing. But what could resist you? Your reputation, which so much soothed the vanity of our sex; your air, your manner; that life in your eyes which so admirably expressed the vivacity of your mind; your conversation, with that ease and elegance which gave every thing you spoke such an agreeable and insinuating turn; in short, every thing spoke for you: Very different from some mere scholars, who, with all their learning, have not the capacity to keep up an ordinary conversation; and, with all their wit, cannot win the affections of women, who have a much less share than themselves.

With what ease did you compose verses! and yet those ingenious trifles, which were but a recreation after your more serious studies, are still the entertainment and delight of persons of the best taste. The smallest song, nay the least sketch of any thing you made for me, had a thousand beauties capable of making it last as long as there are
love

love or lovers in the world. Thus those songs will be sung in honour of other women, which you designed only for me; and those tender and natural expressions which spoke your love, will help others to explain their passion, with much more advantage than what they themselves are capable of.

What rivals did your gallantries of this kind occasion me! How many ladies laid claim to them! It was a tribute their self-love paid to their beauty. How many have I seen with sighs declare their passion for you, when, after some common visit you had made them, they chanced to be complimented for the Sylvia of your poems! Others in despair and envy have reproached me, that I had no charms but what your wit bestowed on me, nor in any thing the advantage over them, but in being beloved by you. Can you believe me if I tell you, that notwithstanding the vanity of my sex, I thought myself peculiarly happy in having a lover, to whom I was obliged for my charms; and took a secret pleasure in being admired by a man, who, when he pleased, could raise his mistress to the character of a goddess? Pleased with your glory only, I received with delight all those praises you offered me, and without reflecting how little I deserved, I believed myself such as you described me, that I might be more certain I pleased you.

But oh! where is that happy time fled? I now lament my lover, and of all my joys there remains nothing but the painful remembrance that *they are past*. Now learn, all you my rivals, who once viewed my happiness with such jealous eyes, that
he

he you once envied me, can never more be yours or mine. I loved him; my love was his crime, and the cause of his punishment. My beauty once charmed him: Pleased with each other, we passed our brightest days in tranquillity and happiness. If that was a crime, it is a crime I am yet fond of; and I have no other regret, than that against my will I must necessarily be innocent. But what do I say? My misfortune was to have cruel relations, whose malice disturbed the calm we enjoyed: Had they been capable of the returns of reason, I had now been happy in the enjoyment of my dear husband. Oh! how cruel were they when their blind fury urged a villain to surprize you in your sleep! Where was I? Where was your Eloisa then? What joy should I have had in defending my lover! I would have guarded you from violence, though at the expence of my life; my cries and shrieks alone would have stopped the hand ———— Oh! whither does the excess of passion hurry me? Here love is shocked, and modesty, joined with despair, deprives me of words: It is eloquence to be silent where no expressions can reach the greatness of the misfortune.

But tell me, whence proceeds your neglect of me since professed? You know nothing moved me to it but your disgrace, nor did I give any consent but yours. Let me hear what is the occasion of your coldness, or give me leave to tell you now my opinion. Was it not the sole view of pleasure which engaged you to me? And has not my tenderness, by leaving you nothing to wish for, extinguished

tinguished your desires? Wretched Eloisa! you could please when you wished to avoid it: You merited incense, when you could remove to a distance the hand that offered it. But since your heart has been softened, and has yielded; since you have devoted and sacrificed yourself, you are deserted and forgotten. I am convinced, by sad experience, that it is natural to avoid those to whom we have been too much obliged; and that uncommon generosity produces neglect rather than acknowledgment. My heart surrendered too soon to gain the esteem of the conqueror; you took it without difficulty, and give it up as easily. But, ungrateful as you are, I will never consent to it. And though in this place I ought not to retain a wish of my own, yet I have ever secretly preserved the desire of being beloved by you. When I pronounced my sad vow, I then had about me your letters, in which you protested you would be wholly mine, and would never live but to love me. It is to you therefore I have offered myself; you had my heart, and I had yours; do not demand any thing back; you must bear with my passion, as a thing which of right belongs to you, and from which you can no ways be disengaged.

Alas! what folly is it to talk at this rate! I see nothing here but marks of the Deity, and I speak of nothing but man! You have been the cruel occasion of this by your conduct: Unfaithful man! ought you at once to break off loving me? Why did you not deceive me for a while, rather than immediately abandon me? If you had
given

given me at least but some faint signs even of a dying passion, I myself had favoured the deception. But in vain would I flatter myself that you could be constant; you have left me no colour of making your excuse. I am earnestly desirous to see you; but if that be impossible, I will content myself with a few lines from your hand. Is it so hard for one who loves to write? I ask for none of your letters filled with learning, and writ for your reputation: All I desire is such letters as the heart dictates, and which the hand can scarce write fast enough. How did I deceive myself with the hopes that you would be wholly mine, when I took the veil, and engaged myself to live for ever under your laws? For in being professed, I vowed no more than to be yours only, and I obliged myself voluntarily to a confinement in which you desired to place me. Death only then can make me leave the place where you have fixed me; and then too my ashes shall rest here, and wait for yours, in order to shew my obedience and ardent affection for you, to the latest moment possible.

Why should I conceal from you the secret of my call? You know it was neither zeal nor devotion which led me to the cloister. Your conscience is too faithful a witness to permit you to disown it. Yet here I am, and here I will remain; to this place an unfortunate love and my cruel relations have condemned me. But if you do not continue your concern for me, if I lose your affection, what have I gained by my imprisonment? what recompence can I hope for? The unhappy consequences of a criminal conduct, and your disgraces,
have

have put on me this habit of chastity, and not the sincere desire of being truly penitent. Thus I strive and labour in vain. Among those who are wedded to God, I serve a man; among the heroic supporters of the cross, I am a poor slave to a human passion; at the head of a religious community, I am devoted to Abelard only. What a prodigy am I! Enlighten me, O Lord! — Does thy grace or my own despair draw these words from me? I am sensible I am, in the temple of chastity, covered only with the ashes of that fire which hath consumed us. I am here, I confess, a sinner, but one who, far from weeping for her sins, weeps only for her lover; far from abhorring her crimes, endeavours only to add to them; and who, with a weakness unbecoming the state she is in, pleases herself continually with the remembrance of past actions, when it is impossible to renew them.

Good God! what is all this! I reproach myself for my own faults; I accuse you for yours, and to what purpose? Veiled as I am, behold in what a disorder you have plunged me! How difficult is it to fight always for duty against inclination? I know what obligations this veil lays on me, but I feel more strongly what power a long habitual passion has over my heart. I am conquered by my inclination. My love troubles my mind, and disorders my will. Sometimes I am swayed by the sentiments of piety which arise in me, and the next moment I yield up my imagination to all that is amorous and tender. I tell you to-day what I would not have said to you yesterday. I had resolved to love
you

you no more ; I considered I had made a vow, taken the veil, and am as it were dead and buried ; yet there rises unexpectedly from the bottom of my heart a passion which triumphs over all these notions, and darkens all my reason and devotion. You reign in such inward retreats of my soul, that I know not where to attack you : When I endeavour to break those chains by which I am bound to you, I only deceive myself, and all the efforts I am able to make serve but to bind them the faster. Oh, for pity's sake, help a wretch to renounce her desires, herself, and, if it be possible, even to renounce you ! If you are a lover, a father, help a mistress, comfort a child ! These tender names, cannot they move you ? Yield either to pity or love. If you gratify my request, I shall continue a religious without longer prophaning my calling. I am ready to humble myself with you to the wonderful providence of God, who does all things for our sanctification ; who by his grace purifies all that is vicious and corrupt in the principle, and by the inconceivable riches of his mercy draws us to himself against our wishes, and by degrees opens our eyes to discern the greatness of his bounty, which at first we would not understand.

I thought to end my letter here. But now I am complaining against you, I must unload my heart, and tell you all its jealousies and reproaches. Indeed I thought it something hard, that when we had both engaged to consecrate ourselves to heaven, you should insist upon my doing it first. Does Abelard then, said I, suspect he shall see renewed

in

in me the example of Lot's wife, who could not forbear looking back when she left Sodom? If my youth and sex might give occasion of fear, that I should return to the world; could not my behaviour, my fidelity, and this heart, which you ought to know, could not these banish such ungenerous apprehensions? This distrustful foresight touched me sensibly. I said to myself, there was a time when he could rely upon my bare word, and does he now want vows to secure me to himself? What occasion have I given him in the whole course of my life to admit the least suspicion? I could meet him at all his assignations, and would I decline following him to the seats of holiness? I who have not refused to be a victim of pleasure to gratify him, can he think I would refuse to be a sacrifice of honour to obey him? Has vice such charms to noble souls? and when we have once drank of the cup of sinners, is it with such difficulty that we take the chalice of saints? Or did you believe yourself a greater master to teach vice than virtue? or did you think it was more easy to persuade me to the first than the latter? No: This suspicion would be injurious to both. Virtue is too amiable not to be embraced, when you reveal her charms; and vice too hideous not to be avoided, when you shew her deformities. Nay, when you please, any thing seems lovely to me, and nothing is frightful or difficult when you are by. I am only weak when I am alone and unsupported by you; and therefore it depends on you alone, that I may be such as you desire. I wish to heaven

you had not such a power over me. If you had any occasion to fear, you would be less negligent. But what is there for you to fear? I have done too much, and now have nothing more to do, but to triumph over your ingratitude. When we lived happy together, you might have made it a doubt whether pleasure or affection united me more to you; but the place from whence I write to you, must now have entirely taken away that doubt. Even here I love you as much as ever I did in the world. If I had loved pleasures, could I not yet have found means to have gratified myself? I was not above twenty-two years old; and there were other men left, though I was deprived of Abelard: And yet did I not bury myself alive in a nunnery, and triumph over love, at an age capable of enjoying its full latitude? It is to you I sacrifice these remains of a transitory beauty, these widowed nights and tedious days, which I pass without seeing you; and since you cannot possess them, I take them from you to offer them to heaven, and to make, alas! but a secondary oblation of my heart, my days, and my life!

I am sensible I have dwelt too long on this head; I ought to speak less to you of your misfortunes, and of my own sufferings, for love of you. We tarnish the lustre of our most beautiful actions when we applaud them ourselves. This is true, and yet there is a time when we may with decency commend ourselves; when we have to do with those whom base ingratitude has stupified, we cannot too much praise our own good actions.

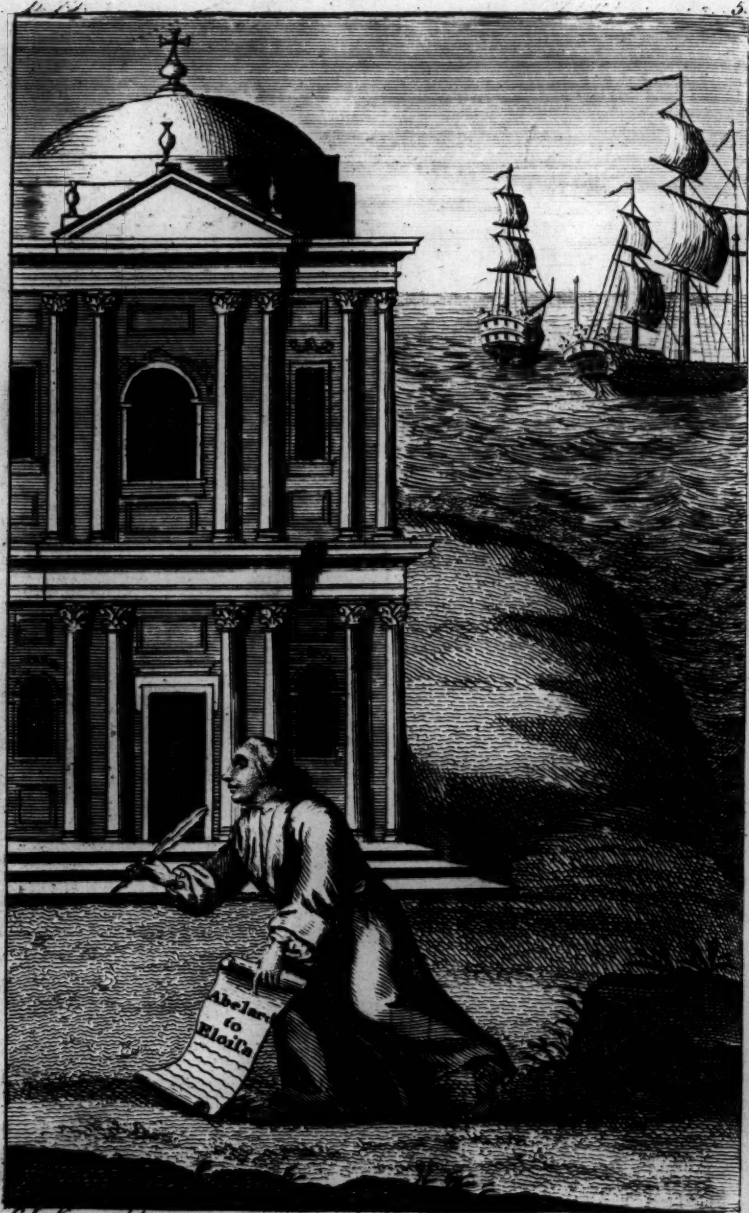
Now

Now if you were of this sort of men, this would be a home reflection on you. Irresolute as I am, I still love you, and yet I must hope for nothing. I have renounced life, and stripped myself of every thing, but I find I neither have nor can renounce my Abelard: Though I have lost my lover, I still preserve my love. O vows! O convent! I have not lost my humanity under your inexorable discipline! You have not made me marble by changing my habit: My heart is not hardened by my imprisonment: I am still sensible to what has touched me, though, alas, I ought not to be so! Without offending your commands, permit a lover to exhort me to live in obedience to your rigorous rules. Your yoke will be lighter, if that hand supports me under it; your exercises will be amiable, if he shews me their advantage. Retirement, solitude! you will not appear terrible, if I may but still know I have any place in his memory. A heart which has been so sensibly affected as mine, cannot soon be indifferent. We fluctuate long between love and hatred, before we can arrive at a happy tranquillity; and we always flatter ourselves with some distant hope, that we shall not be quite forgotten.

Yes, Abelard, I conjure you, by the chains I bear here, to ease the weight of them, and make them as agreeable as I wish they were to me: Teach me the maxims of divine love. Since you have forsaken me, I glory in being wedded to heaven. My heart adores that title, and disdains any other; tell me how this divine love is nourished,
how

how it operates, and purifies itself. When we were tossed in the ocean of the world, we could hear of nothing but your verses, which published every where our joys and our pleasures. Now we are in the haven of grace, is it not fit you should discourse to me of this happiness, and teach me every thing which might improve and heighten it? Shew me the same complaisance in my present condition, as you did when we were in the world. Without changing the ardor of our affections, let us change their object; let us leave our songs, and sing hymns; let us lift up our hearts to God, and have no transports but for his glory.

I expect this from you as a thing you cannot refuse me. God has a peculiar right over the hearts of great men, which he has created. When he pleases to touch them, he ravishes them, and suffers them not to speak or breathe but for his glory: Until that moment of grace arrives, O think of me——do not forget me——remember my love, my fidelity, my constancy; love me as your mistress, cherish me as your child, your sister, your wife. Consider that I still love you, and yet strive to avoid loving you. What a word, what a design is this! I shake with horror, and my heart revolts against what I say. I shall blot all my paper with tears.—I end my long letter, wishing you, if you can desire it, (would to heaven I could!) for ever adieu.



P. La Vergne del.

M. P. G. sculp.

LETTER III.

ABELARD to ELOISA.

The Duke of Bretagne, jealous of the glory of France, which then engrossed the most famous scholars of Europe, and being besides acquainted with the persecution Abelard had suffered, had nominated him to the abbey of St. Gildas, and, by this benefaction and mark of his esteem, engaged him to pass the rest of his days in his dominions. He received this favour with great joy, imagining that, by leaving France, he should lose his passion, and gain a new turn of mind upon entering into his new dignity. The abbey of St. Gildas is seated upon a rock, which the sea beats with its waves. Abelard, who had laid on himself the necessity of vanquishing a passion which absence had in a great measure weakened, endeavoured in this solitude to extinguish the remains of it by his tears; but, upon his receiving the foregoing letter, he could not resist so powerful an attack, but proved as weak, and as much to be pitied, as Eloisa: It is not then a master or director that speaks, but a man who had loved, and still loves her: And under this character we are to consider Abelard when he wrote the following letter. If he seems by some passages in it to have begun to feel the motions of divine grace, they appear to be only by starts, and without any uniformity.

F

COULD

COULD I have imagined that a letter not written to yourself could have fallen into your hands, I had been more cautious not to have inserted any thing in it which might awaken the memory of our past misfortunes. I described with boldness the series of my disgraces to a friend, in order to make him less sensible of the loss he had sustained. If by this well-meaning artifice I have disturbed you, I purpose here to dry up those tears which the sad description occasioned you to shed: I intend to mix my grief with yours, and pour out my heart before you; in short, to lay open before your eyes all my trouble, and the secret of my soul, which my vanity has hitherto made me conceal from the rest of the world, and which you now force from me, in spite of my resolutions to the contrary.

It is true, that in a sense of the afflictions which had befallen us, and observing that no change of our condition was to be expected, that those prosperous days which had seduced us were now past, and there remained nothing but to erase out of our minds, by painful endeavours, all marks and remembrance of them, I had wished to find in philosophy and religion a remedy for my disgrace: I searched out an asylum to secure me from love. I was reduced to the sad experiment of making vows to harden my heart. But what have I gained by this? If my passion has been put under a restraint, my ideas yet remain. I promised myself that I would forget you; yet cannot think of it without loving you; and am pleased with that thought. My love

love is not at all weakened by those reflections I make in order to free myself. The silence I am surrounded with makes me more sensible to its impressions, and while I am unemployed with any other things, this makes itself the business of my whole vacation; till, after a multitude of useless endeavours, I begin to persuade myself, that it is a superfluous trouble to strive to free myself; and that it is wisdom sufficient, if I can conceal from every one but you my confusion and weakness.

I remove to a distance from your person, with an intention of avoiding you as an enemy; and yet I incessantly seek for you in my mind: I recall your image in my memory; and, in such different disquietudes, I betray and contradict myself. I hate you; I love you: Shame presses me on all sides; I am at this moment afraid lest I should seem more indifferent than you, and yet I am ashamed to discover my trouble. How weak are we in ourselves, if we do not support ourselves on the cross of Christ! Shall we have so little courage, and shall that uncertainty your heart labours with, of serving two masters, affect mine too? You see the confusion I am in, what I blame myself for, and what I suffer. Religion commands me to pursue virtue, since I have nothing to hope for from love. But love still preserves its dominion in my fancy, and entertains itself with past pleasures. Memory supplies the place of a mistress. Piety and duty are not always the fruits of retirement; even in deserts, where the dew of heaven falls not on

us, we love what we ought no longer to love. The passions, stirred up by solitude, fill those regions of death and silence; and it is very seldom that what ought to be is truly followed there, and that God only is loved and served. Had I always had such notions as these, I had instructed you better. You call me your master; it is true, you were intrusted to my care. I saw you, I was earnest to teach you vain sciences; it cost you your innocence, and me my liberty. Your uncle, who was fond of you, became therefore my enemy, and revenged himself on me. If now, having lost the power of satisfying my passion, I had lost too that of loving you, I should have some consolation. My enemies would have given me that tranquillity, which Origen purchased by a crime. How miserable am I! My misfortune does not loose my chains; my passion grows furious by impotence; and that desire I still have for you amidst all my disgraces, makes me more unhappy than the misfortune itself. I find myself much more guilty in my thoughts of you, even amidst my tears, than in possessing you when I was in full liberty. I continually think of you, I constantly call to mind that day when you bestowed on me the first marks of your tenderness. In this condition, O Lord! if I run to prostrate myself before thy altars, if I beseech thee to pity me, why does not the pure flame of thy spirit consume the sacrifice that is offered to thee? Cannot this habit of penitence which I wear, interest heaven to treat me more favourably? But that is still inexorable, because
my

my passion still lives in me ; the fire is only covered over with deceitful ashes, and cannot be extinguished but by extraordinary grace. We deceive men, but nothing is hid from God.

You tell me, that it is for me you live under that veil which covers you ; why do you prophane your vocation with such words ? Why provoke a jealous God by a blasphemy ? I hoped, after our separation, you would have changed your sentiments ; I hoped too, that God would have delivered me from the tumult of my senses, and that contrariety which reigns in my heart. We commonly die to the affections of those whom we see no more, and they to ours : Absence is the tomb of love. But to me absence is an unquiet remembrance of what I once loved, which continually torments me. I flattered myself, that when I should see you no more, you would only rest in my memory, without giving any trouble to my mind ; that Bretagne and the sea would inspire other thoughts ; that my fasts and studies would by degrees erase you out of my heart : But in spite of severe fasts and redoubled studies, in spite of the distance of three hundred miles which separates us, your image, such as you describe yourself in your veil, appears to me, and confounds all my resolutions.

What means have I not used ? I have armed my own hands against myself ; I have exhausted my strength in constant exercises ; I comment upon St. Paul ; I dispute with Aristotle : In short, I do all I used to do before I loved you, but all in vain ;

nothing can be successful that opposes you. Oh! do not add to my miseries by your constancy; forget, if you can, your favours, and that right which they claim over me; permit me to be indifferent. I envy their happiness who have never loved; how quiet and easy are they! But the tide of pleasures has always a reflux of bitterness; I am but too much convinced now of this; but though I am no longer deceived by love, I am not cured: While my reason condemns it, my heart declares for it. I am deplorable, that I have not the ability to free myself from a passion which so many circumstances, this place, my person, and my disgraces, tend to destroy. I yield, without considering that a resistance would wipe out my past offences, and would procure me in their stead, merit and repose. Why should you use eloquence to reproach me for my flight, and for my silence? Spare the recital of our assignations, and your constant exactness to them; without calling up such disturbing thoughts, I have enough to suffer. What great advantages would philosophy give us over other men, if by studying it we could learn to govern our passions! But how humbled ought we to be when we cannot master them! What efforts, what relapses, what agitations do we undergo; and how long are we tost in this confusion, unable to exert our reason, to possess our souls, or to rule our affections!

What a troublesome employment is love! and how valuable is virtue even upon consideration of our own ease! Recollect your extravagancies of passion,

passion, guesſ at my diſtractions; number up our cares, if poſſible, our griefs, and our inquietudes; throw theſe things out of the account, and let love have all its remaining ſoftneſs and pleaſure. How little is that! and yet for ſuch ſhadows of enjoyments which at firſt appeared to us, are we ſo weak our whole lives that we cannot now help writing to each other, covered as we are with ſackcloth and aſhes: How much happier ſhould we be, if by our humiliation and tears we could make our repentance ſure! The love of pleaſure is not eradicated out of the ſoul, but by extraordinary efforts; it has ſo powerful a party in our breſts, that we find it difficult to condemn it ourſelves. What abhorrence can I be ſaid to have of my ſins, if the objects of them are always amiable to me? How can I ſeparate from the perſon I love, the paſſion I muſt deteſt? Will the tears I ſhed be ſufficient to render it odious to me? I know not how it happens, there is always a pleaſure in weeping for a beloved object. It is difficult in our ſorrow to diſtinguiſh penitence from love. The memory of the crime, and the memory of the object which has charmed us, are too nearly related to be immediately ſeparated. And the love of God, in its beginning, does not wholly annihilate the love of the creature.

But what excuſes could I not find in you, if the crime were excuſable? Unprofitable honour, troubleſome riches, could never tempt me; but thoſe charms, that beauty, that air, which I yet behold at this inſtant, have occaſioned my fall. Your

looks were the beginning of my guilt ; your eyes, your discourse, pierced my heart ; and in spite of that ambition and glory which filled it, and offered to make a defence, love soon made itself master. God, in order to punish me, forsook me. His providence permitted those consequences which have since happened. You are no longer of the world ; you have renounced it : I am a religious, devoted to solitude ; shall we make no advantage of our condition ? Would you destroy my piety in its infant state ? Would you have me forsake the convent into which I am but newly entered ? Must I renounce my vows ? I have made them in the presence of God : Whither shall I fly from his wrath, if I violate them ? Suffer me to seek for ease in my duty : How difficult is it to procure that ! I pass whole days and nights alone in this cloister, without closing my eyes. My love burns fiercer, amidst the happy indifference of those who surround me, and my heart is at once pierced with your sorrows and its own. Oh what a loss have I sustained, when I consider your constancy ! What pleasures have I missed enjoying ! I ought not to confess this weakness to you ; I am sensible I commit a fault ; if I could have shewed more firmness of mind, I should perhaps have provoked your resentment against me, and your anger might work that effect in you which your virtue could not. If in the world I published my weakness by verses and love-songs, ought not the dark cells of this house to conceal that weakness, at least under an appearance

pearance of piety? Alas! I am still the same! Or if I avoid the evil, I cannot do the good; and yet I ought to join both, in order to make this manner of living profitable. But how difficult is this in the trouble which surrounds me! Duty, reason and decency, which upon other occasions have some power over me, are here entirely useless. The gospel is a language I do not understand when it opposes my passion. Those oaths which I have taken before the holy altar, are feeble helps when opposed to you. Amidst so many voices which call me to my duty, I hear and obey nothing but the secret dictates of a desperate passion. Void of all relish for virtue, any concern for my condition, or any application to my studies, I am continually present by my imagination where I ought not to be, and I find I have no power, when I would at any time correct it. I feel a perpetual strife between my inclination and my duty. I find myself entirely a distracted lover; unquiet in the midst of silence, and restless in this abode of peace and repose. How shameful is such a condition!

Consider me no more, I intreat you, as a founder, or any great personage; your encomiums do but ill agree with such multiplied weaknesses. I am a miserable sinner prostrate before my judge; and, with my face pressed to the earth, I mix my tears and sighs in the dust, when the beams of grace and reason enlighten me. Come, see me in this posture, and solicit me to love you! Come, if you think fit, and in your holy habit thrust yourself between God and me, and be a wall of separation.

Come, and force from me those sighs, thoughts, and vows, which I owe to him only. Assist the evil spirits, and be the instrument of their malice. What cannot you induce a heart to, whose weakness you so perfectly know? But rather withdraw yourself, and contribute to my salvation. Suffer me to avoid destruction, I entreat you, by our former tenderest affection, and by our common misfortunes. It will always be the highest love to shew none: I here release you of all your oaths and engagements. Be God's wholly, to whom you are appropriated; I will never oppose so pious a design. How happy shall I be if I thus lose you! then shall I be indeed a religious, and you a perfect example of an abbess.

Make yourself amends by so glorious a choice; make your virtue a spectacle worthy men and angels: Be humble among your children, assiduous in your choir, exact in your discipline, diligent in your reading; make even your recreations useful. Have you purchased your vocation at so slight a rate, as that you should not turn it to the best advantages? Since you have permitted yourself to be abused by false doctrine, and criminal instructions, resist not those good counsels which grace and religion inspire me with. I must confess to you, I have thought myself hitherto an abler master to instill vice, than to excite virtue. My false eloquence has only set off false good. My heart, drunk with voluptuousness, could only suggest terms proper and moving to recommend that. The cup of sinners overflows with so enchanting a sweetness, and we are naturally so much inclined

to taste it, that it needs only be offered to us. On the other hand, the chalice of saints is filled with a bitter draught, and nature starts from it. And yet you reproach me with cowardice for giving it you first; I willingly submit to these accusations. I cannot enough admire the readiness you shewed to take the religious habit: Bear therefore with courage the cross, you have taken up so resolutely. Drink of the chalice of saints, even to the bottom, without turning your eyes with uncertainty upon me. Let me remove far from you, and obey the apostle who hath said, Fly.

You entreat me to return, under a pretence of devotion. Your earnestness in this point creates a suspicion in me, and makes me doubtful how to answer you. Should I commit an error here, my words would blush, if I may say so, after the history of my misfortunes. The church is jealous of its glory, and commands that her children should be induced to the practice of virtue by virtuous means. When we have approached God after an unblameable manner, we may then with boldness invite others to him. But to forget Eloisa, to see her no more, is what heaven demands of Abelard; and to expect nothing from Abelard, to lose him, even in idea, is what heaven enjoins Eloisa. To forget, in the case of love, is the most necessary penitence, and the most difficult. It is easy to recount our faults: how many, through indiscretion, have made themselves a second pleasure of this, instead of confessing them with humility! The only way to return to God is, by neglecting the creature:

creature which we have adored, and adoring God whom we have neglected: This may appear harsh, but it must be done if we would be saved.

To make it more easy, observe why I pressed you to your vow before I took mine; and pardon my sincerity, and the design I have of meriting your neglect and hatred, if I conceal nothing from you of the particulars you enquire after. When I saw myself so oppressed with my misfortune, my impotency made me jealous, and I considered all men as my rivals. Love has more of distrust than assurance. I was apprehensive of abundance of things, because I saw I had abundance of defects; and being tormented with fear from my own example, I imagined your heart, which had been so much accustomed to love, would not be long without entering into a new engagement. Jealousy can easily believe the most dreadful consequences. I was desirous to put myself out of a possibility of doubting of you. I was very urgent to persuade you that decency required you should withdraw from the envious eyes of the world; that modesty, and our friendship, demanded it; nay, that your own safety obliged you to it; and that after such a revenge taken upon me, you could expect to be secure no where but in a convent.

I will do you justice, you were very easily persuaded to it. My jealousy secretly triumphed over your innocent compliance; and yet, triumphant as I was, I yielded you up to God with an unwilling heart. I still kept my gift as much as was possible, and only parted with it that I might effectually

fectually put it out of the power of men. I did not persuade you to religion out of any regard to your happiness, but condemned you to it, like an enemy who destroys what he cannot carry off. And yet you heard my discourses with kindness, you sometimes interrupted me with tears, and pressed me to acquaint you which of the convents was most in my esteem. What a comfort did I feel in seeing you shut up! I was now at ease, and took a satisfaction in considering that you did not continue long in the world after my disgrace, and that you would return into it no more.

But still this was doubtful; I imagined women were incapable of maintaining any constant resolutions, unless they were forced by the necessity of fixed vows. I wanted those vows, and heaven itself for your security, that I might no longer distrust you. Ye holy mansions, ye impenetrable retreats, from what numberless apprehensions have you freed me! Religion and piety keep a strict guard round your grates and high walls. What a heaven of rest is this to a jealous mind! And with what impatience did I endeavour it! I went every day trembling to exhort you to this sacrifice; I admired, without daring to mention it then, a brightness in your beauty which I had never observed before. Whether it was the bloom of rising virtue, or an anticipation of that great loss I was going to suffer, I was not curious in examining the cause, but only hastened your being professed. I engaged your prioress in my guilt by a criminal bribe, with which I purchased the right
of

of burying you. The professed of the house were alike bribed, and concealed from you, by my directions, all their scruples and disgusts. I omitted nothing, either little or great. And if you had escaped all my snares, I myself would not have retired: I was resolved to follow you every where. This shadow of myself would always have pursued your steps, and continually occasioned either your confusion or fear, which would have been a sensible gratification to me.

But thanks to heaven, you resolved to make a vow; I accompanied you with terror to the foot of the altar; and while you stretched out your hand to touch the sacred cloth, I heard you pronounce distinctly those fatal words which for ever separated you from all men. Until then your beauty and youth seemed to oppose my design, and to threaten your return into the world. Might not a small temptation have changed you? Is it possible to renounce one's self entirely at the age of two-and-twenty? At an age which claims the most absolute liberty, could you think the world no longer worthy of your regard? How much did I wrong you, and what weakness did I impute to you! You were in my imagination nothing but lightness and inconstancy. Might not a young woman at the noise of the flames, and of the fall of Sodom, look back, and pity some one person? I took notice of your eyes, your motion, your air; I trembled at every thing. You may call such a self-interested conduct treachery, perfidiousness, murder.

murder. A love which was so like to hatred, ought to provoke the utmost contempt and anger.

It is fit you should know that, the very moment when I was convinced of your being entirely devoted to me, when I saw you were infinitely worthy of all my love and acknowledgment, I imagined I could love you no more; I thought it time to leave off giving you any marks of affection; and I considered that by your holy espousals you were now the peculiar care of heaven, even in the quality of a wife. My jealousy seemed to be extinguished: When God only is our rival, we have nothing to fear; and being in greater tranquillity than ever before, I dared even to offer up prayers, and beseech him to take you away from my eyes: but it was not a time to make rash prayers; and my faith was too imperfect to let them be heard. He who sees the depths and secrets of all men's hearts, saw mine did not agree with my words. Necessity and despair were the springs of this proceeding. Thus I inadvertently offered an insult to heaven, rather than a sacrifice. God rejected my offering and my prayer, and continued my punishment, by suffering me to continue my love. Thus under the guilt of your vows, and of the passion which preceded them, I must be tormented all the days of my life.

If God spoke to your heart, as to that of a religious whose innocence had first engaged him to heap on it a thousand favours, I should have matter of comfort; but to see both of us victims of a criminal love; to see this love insult us, and invest
itself

itself with our very habits, as with spoils it has taken from our devotion, fills me with horror and trembling. Is this a state of reprobation? Or are these the consequences of a long drunkenness in prophane love? We cannot say love is a drunkenness and a poison, until we are illuminated by grace; in the mean time it is an evil which we doat on. When we are under such a mistake, the knowledge of our misery is the first step towards amendment. Who does not know that it is for the glory of God, to find no other foundation in man for his mercy, than man's very weakness? When he has shewed us this weakness, and we bewail it, he is ready to put forth his omnipotence to assist us. Let us say for our comfort, that what we suffer is one of those long and terrible temptations which have sometimes disturbed the vocations of the most holy.

God can afford his presence to men, in order to soften their calamities, whenever he shall think fit. It was his pleasure, when you took the veil, to draw you to him by his grace. I saw your eyes, when you spoke your last farewell, fixed upon the cross. It was above six months before you wrote me a letter, nor during all that time did I receive any message from you. I admired this silence, which I durst not blame, and could not imitate: I wrote to you, you returned me no answer: Your heart was then shut: But this garden of the spouse is now opened; he is withdrawn from it, and has left you alone: By removing from you, he has made trial of you: call him back, and strive to
regain

regain him. We must have the assistance of God, that we may break our chains; we have engaged too deeply in love, to free ourselves. Our follies have penetrated even into the most sacred places. Our amours have been matter of scandal to a whole kingdom. They are read and admired; love, which produced them, has caused them to be described. We shall be a consolation for the failings of youth hereafter. Those who offend after us, will think themselves less guilty. We are criminals whose repentance is late, O may it be sincere! Let us repair, as far as is possible, the evils we have done; and let France, which has been the witness of our crimes, be astonished at our penitence. Let us confound all who would imitate our guilt; let us take the part of God against ourselves, and by so doing prevent his judgment. Our former irregularities require tears, shame, and sorrow to expiate them. Let us offer up these sacrifices from our hearts; let us blush, let us weep. If in these weak beginnings, Lord, our heart is not entirely thine, let it at least be made sensible that it ought to be so!

Deliver yourself, Eloisa, from the shameful remains of a passion which has taken too deep root. Remember that the least thought for any other than God is adultery. If you could see me here with my meager face, and melancholy air, surrounded with numbers of persecuting monks, who are alarmed at my reputation for learning, and offended at my lean visage, as if I threatened them with
a refor-

a reformation; what would you say of my base sighs, and of those unprofitable tears which deceive these credulous men? Alas! I am humbled under love, and not under the cross. Pity me, and free yourself. If your vocation be, as you say, my work, deprive me not of the merit of it by your continual inquietudes. Tell me that you will honour the habit which covers you, by an inward retirement. Fear God, that you may be delivered from your frailties. Love him, if you would advance in virtue. Be not uneasy in the cloister, for it is the dwelling of saints. Embrace your bands, they are the chains of Christ Jesus: He will lighten them, and bear them with you, if you bear them with humility.

Without growing severe to a passion which yet possesses you, learn from your own misery to succour your weak sisters; pity them, upon consideration of your own faults. And if any thoughts too natural shall importune you, fly to the foot of the cross, and beg for mercy; there are wounds open; lament before the dying Deity. At the head of a religious society be not a slave, and, having rule over queens, begin to govern yourself. Blush at the least revolt of your senses. Remember that even at the foot of the altar we often sacrifice to lying spirits, and that no incense can be more agreeable to them, than that which in those holy places burns in the heart of a religious still sensible of passion and love. If, during your abode in the world, your soul has acquired a habit of loving,
 feel

feel it now no more but for Jesus Christ. Repent of all the moments of your life which you have wasted upon the world, and upon pleasure; demand them of me, it is a robbery which I am guilty of; take courage, and boldly reproach me with it.

I have been indeed your master, but it was only to teach you sin. You call me your father; before I had any claim to this title, I deserved that of parricide. I am your brother, but it is the affinity of your crimes that has purchased me that distinction. I am called your husband, but it is after a public scandal. If you have abused the sanctity of so many venerable names in the superscription of your letter, to do me honour, and flatter your own passion, blot them out, and place in their stead those of a murderer, a villain, an enemy, who has conspired against your honour, troubled your quiet, and betrayed your innocence. You would have perished through my means, but for an extraordinary act of grace, which, that you might be saved, has thrown me down in the middle of my course.

This is the idea you ought to have of a fugitive, who endeavours to deprive you of the hope of seeing him any more. But when love has once been sincere, how difficult is it to determine to love no more! It is a thousand times more easy to renounce the world than love. I hate this deceitful faithless world; I think no more of it; but my heart, still wandering, will eternally make
me

me feel the anguish of having lost you, in spite of all the convictions of my understanding. In the mean time, though I should be so cowardly as to retract what you have read, do not suffer me to offer myself to your thoughts, but under this last notion. Remember my last endeavours were to seduce your heart. You perished by my means, and I with you. The same waves swallowed us both up. We waited for death with indifference, and the same death had carried us headlong to the same punishments. But providence has turned off this blow, and our shipwreck has thrown us into a haven. There are some whom the mercy of God saves by afflictions. Let my salvation be the fruit of your prayers ! Let me owe it to your tears or exemplary holiness ! Though my heart, Lord ! be filled with the love of one of thy creatures, thy hand can, when it pleases, draw out of it those ideas which fill its whole capacity. To love Eloisa truly, is to leave her entirely to that quiet which retirement and virtue afford. I have resolved it ; this letter shall be my last fault. Adieu.

If I die here, I will give orders that my body be carried to the house of the Paraclete. You shall see me in that condition ; not to demand tears from you, it will then be too late ; weep rather for me now, to extinguish that fire which burns me. You shall see me, to strengthen your piety by the horror the sight of my remains will cause ; and my death, then more eloquent than I can be,

ABELARD to ELOISA. 117

be, will tell you what you love, when you love a man. I hope you will be contented, when you have finished this mortal life to be buried near me. Your cold ashes need then fear nothing, and my tomb will by that means be more rich and more renowned.

LETTER

LETTER IV.

ELOISA to ABELARD.

In the following letter the passion of Eloisa breaks out with more violence than ever. That which she had received from Abelard, served only to revive in her memory all their past endearments and misfortunes. With this impression, she writes again to her husband; and appears now, not so much in the character of a religious striving with the remains of her former weakness, as in that of an unhappy woman abandoned to all the transports of love and despair.

*To Abelard her well-beloved in Christ Jesus, from
Eloisa his well-beloved in the same Christ Jesus.*

I Read the letter I received from you with abundance of impatience: In spite of all my misfortunes, I hoped to find nothing in it besides arguments of comfort. But how ingenious are lovers in tormenting themselves! Judge of the exquisite sensibility and force of my love, by that which causes the grief of my soul. I was disturbed at the superscription of your letter; why did you place the name of Eloisa before that of Abelard?

What

What means this cruel and unjust distinction? It was your name only, the name of a father, and of a husband, which my eager eyes sought after. I did not look for my own, which I had much rather, if possible, forget, as being the cause of your misfortune. The rules of decorum, and the character of master and director which you have over me, opposed that ceremonious manner of addressing me; and love commanded you to banish it: Alas! you know all this but too well.

Did you write thus to me before cruel fortune had ruined my happiness? I see your heart has deserted me, and you have made greater advances in the way of devotion than I could wish: Alas! I am too weak to follow you; condescend at least to stay for me, and animate me with your advice. Will you have the cruelty to abandon me? The fear of this stabs my heart; but the fearful prefaces you make at the latter end of your letter, those terrible images you draw of your death, quite distract me. Cruel Abelard! you ought to have stopped my tears, and you make them flow. You ought to have quieted the disorder of my heart, and you throw me into despair.

You desire that after your death I should take care of your ashes, and pay them the last duties. Alas! in what temper did you conceive these mournful ideas? And how could you describe them to me? Did not the apprehension of causing my present death make the pen drop from your hand? You did not reflect, I suppose, upon all those torments to which you were going to deliver
me.

me. Heaven, as severe as it has been against me, is not in so great a degree so, as to permit me to live one moment after you. Life, without my Abelard, is an insupportable punishment, and death a most exquisite happiness, if by that means I can be united with him. If heaven hears the prayers I continually make for you, your days will be prolonged, and you will bury me.

Is it not your part to prepare me by your powerful exhortations against that great crisis, which shakes the most resolute and confirmed minds? Is it not your part to receive my last sighs, take care of my funeral, and give an account of my manners and faith? Who but you can recommend us worthily to God, and, by the fervour and merit of your prayers, conduct those souls to him which you have joined to his worship by solemn contracts? We expect those pious offices from your paternal charity. After this you will be free from those disquietudes which now molest you, and you will quit life with more ease whenever it shall please God to call you away. You may follow us content with what you have done, and in a full assurance of our happiness. But till then write not to me any such terrible things: Are we not already sufficiently miserable? Must we aggravate our sorrows? Our life here is but a languishing death; will you hasten it? Our present disgraces are sufficient to employ our thoughts continually, and shall we seek for new arguments of grief in futurities? How void of reason are men,

said Seneca, to make distant evils present by reflection, and to take pains before death to lose all the comforts of life!

When you have finished your course here below, you say it is your desire that your body be carried to the house of the Paraclete; to the intent that being always exposed to my eyes, you may be for ever present to my mind; and that your dead body may strengthen my piety, and animate my prayers. Can you think that the traces you have drawn in my heart can ever be worn out; or that any length of time can obliterate the memory we have here of your benefits? And what time shall I find for those prayers you speak of? Alas, I shall then be filled with other cares. Can so heavy a misfortune leave me a moment's quiet? Can my feeble reason resist such powerful assaults? When I am distracted and raving, (if I dare say it) even against heaven itself, I shall not soften it by my prayers, but rather provoke it by my cries and reproaches! But how should I pray, or how bear up against my grief? I should be more urgent to follow you, than to pay you the sad ceremonies of burial. It is for you, for Abelard, that I have resolved to live: if you are ravished from me, what use can I make of my miserable days? Alas! what lamentations should I make, if heaven, by a cruel pity, should preserve me till that moment! When I but think of this last separation, I feel all the pangs of death; what shall I be then, if I should see that dreadful hour? Forbear there-

fore to infuse into my mind such mournful thoughts, if not for love, at least for pity.

You desire me to give myself up to my duty, and to be wholly God's, to whom I am consecrated. How can I do that, when you frighten me with apprehensions that continually possess my mind day and night? When an evil threatens us, and it is impossible to ward it off, why do we give up ourselves to the unprofitable fear of it, which is yet even more tormenting than the evil itself?

What have I to hope for after this loss of you? What can confine me to earth, when death shall have taken away from me all that was dear upon it? I have renounced without difficulty all the charms of life, preserving only my love, and the secret pleasure of thinking incessantly of you, and hearing that you live. And yet, alas! you do not live for me, and I dare not even flatter myself with the hopes that I shall ever enjoy a sight of you more! This is the greatest of my afflictions: Merciless Fortune! hast thou not persecuted me enough? Thou dost not give me any respite; thou hast exhausted all thy vengeance upon me, and reserved thyself nothing whereby thou mayest appear terrible to others. Thou hast wearied thyself in tormenting me, and others have nothing now to fear from thy anger. But to what purpose dost thou still arm thyself against me? The wounds I have already received leave no room for new ones. Why cannot I urge thee to kill me? Or dost thou fear, amidst the numerous torments
thou

thou heapest on me, dost thou fear that such a stroke would deliver me from all? therefore thou preservest me from death, in order to make me die every moment.

Dear Abelard, pity my despair! Was ever any thing so miserable! the higher you raised me above other women who envied me your love, the more sensible am I now of the loss of your heart. I was exalted to the top of happiness, only that I might have a more terrible fall. Nothing could formerly be compared to my pleasures, and nothing now can equal my misery. My glory once raised the envy of my rivals; my present wretchedness moves the compassion of all that see me. My fortune has been always in extremes; she has heaped on me her most delightful favours, that she might load me with the greatest of her afflictions. Ingenious in tormenting me, she has made the memory of the joys I have lost, an inexhaustible spring of my tears. Love, which possessed was her greatest gift, being taken away, occasions all my sorrow. In short, her malice has entirely succeeded, and I find my present afflictions proportionably bitter as the transports which charmed me were sweet.

But what aggravates my sufferings yet more, is, that we began to be miserable at a time when we seemed the least to deserve it. While we gave ourselves up to the enjoyment of a criminal love, nothing opposed our vicious pleasures. But scarce had we retrenched what was unlawful in our passion, and taken refuge in marriage against that remorse which might have pursued us, but the whole

wrath of heaven fell on us in all its weight. But how barbarous was your punishment ! The very remembrance makes me shake with horror. Could an outrageous husband make a villain suffer more, that had dishonoured his bed ? Ah ! what right had a cruel uncle over us ? We were joined to each other even before the altar, which should have protected you from the rage of your enemies. Must a wife draw on you that punishment which ought not to fall on any but an adulterous lover ? Besides, we were separated ; you were busy in your exercises, and instructed a learned auditory in mysteries, which the greatest geniuses before you were not able to penetrate ; and I, in obedience to you, retired to a cloister. I there spent whole days in thinking of you, and sometimes meditating on holy lessons, to which I endeavoured to apply myself. In this very juncture you became the victim of the most unhappy love. You alone expiate the crime common to us both : You only were punished, though both of us were guilty. You, who were least so, was the object of the whole vengeance of a barbarous man. But why should I rave at your assassins ? I, wretched I, have ruined you ; I have been the origin of all your misfortunes ! Good Heaven, why was I born to be the occasion of so tragical an accident ? How dangerous is it for a great man to suffer himself to be moved by our sex ! He ought from his infancy to be inured to insensibility of heart, against all our charms. *Hearken, my son, (said formerly the wisest of men) attend and keep my instructions ; if a beautiful*

tiful woman by her looks endeavours to intice thee, permit not thyself to be overcome by a corrupt inclination; reject the poison she offers, and follow not the paths which she directs. Her house is the gate of destruction and death. I have long examined things, and have found that death itself is a less dangerous evil than beauty. It is the shipwreck of liberty, a fatal snare, from which it is impossible ever to get free. It was woman which threw down the first man from that glorious condition in which Heaven had placed him. She, who was created in order to partake of his happiness, was the sole cause of his ruin. How bright had been thy glory, Sampson, if thy heart had been as firm against the charms of Delilah, as against the weapons of the philistines! A woman disarmed and betrayed thee, who hadst been a glorious conqueror of armies. Thou sawest thyself delivered into the hands of thy enemies; thou wast deprived of thy eyes, those inlets of love into thy soul: Distracted and despairing didst thou die, without any consolation but that of involving thy enemies in thy destruction. Solomon, that he might please women, forsook the care of pleasing God. That king, whose wisdom princes came from all parts to admire, he whom God had chose to build him a temple, abandoned the worship of those very altars he had defended, and proceeded to such a pitch of folly as even to burn incense to idols. Job had no enemy more cruel than his wife: What temptations did he not bear! The evil spirit who had declared himself his persecutor, employed a woman as an in-

strument to shake his constancy. And the same
 evil spirit made Eloisa an instrument to ruin Abe-
 lard ! All the poor comfort I have is, that I am
 not the voluntary cause of your misfortunes. I
 have not betrayed you ; but my constancy and
 love have been destructive to you. If I have com-
 mitted a crime in having loved you with constancy,
 I shall never be able to repent of that crime. In-
 deed I gave myself up too much to the captivity of
 those soft errors into which my rising passion se-
 duced me. I have endeavoured to please you,
 even at the expence of my virtue, and therefore
 deserve those pains I feel. My guilty transports
 could not but have a tragical end. As soon as I
 was persuaded of your love, alas, I scarce delayed
 a moment resigning myself to all your protesta-
 tions : To be beloved by Abelard, was, in my
 esteem, too much glory, and I too impatiently de-
 sired it, not to believe it immediately. I endeavoured
 at nothing but convincing you of my utmost pas-
 sion. I made no use of those defences of disdain
 and honour ; those enemies of pleasure, which ty-
 rannize over our sex, made in me but a weak and
 unprofitable resistance. I sacrificed all to my love,
 and I forced my duty to give place to the ambition
 of making happy the most gallant and learned per-
 son of the age. If any consideration had been able
 to stop me, it would have been without doubt
 the interest of my love. I feared lest having no-
 thing further for you to desire, your passion might
 become languid, and you might seek for new plea-
 sures in some new conquest. But it was easy for
 you

you to cure me of a suspicion so opposite to my own inclination. I ought to have foreseen other more certain evils, and to have considered, that the idea of lost enjoyments would be the trouble of my whole life.

How happy should I be, could I wash out with my tears the memory of those pleasures, which yet I think of with delight! At least I will exert some generous endeavour, and by smothering in my heart those desires to which the frailty of my nature may give birth, I will exercise torments upon myself, like those the rage of your enemies has made you suffer. I will endeavour by that means to satisfy you at least, if I cannot appease an angry God. For to shew you what a deplorable condition I am in, and how far my repentance is from being available, I dare even accuse heaven every moment of cruelty, for delivering you into those snares which were prepared for you. My repinings kindle the divine wrath, when I should endeavour to draw down mercy.

In order to expiate a crime, it is not sufficient that we bear the punishment; whatever we suffer is accounted as nothing, if the passions still continue, and the heart is inflamed with the same desires. It is an easy matter to confess a weakness, and to inflict some punishment upon ourselves; but it is the last violence to our nature to extinguish the memory of pleasures, which by a sweet habit have gained absolute possession of our minds. How many persons do we observe who make an outward confession of their faults, yet, far from being af-

slicted for them, take a new pleasure in the relating them. Bitterness of heart ought to accompany the confession of the mouth, yet that very rarely happens. I, who have experienced so many pleasures in loving you, feel, in spite of myself, that I cannot repent of them, nor forbear enjoying them over again as much as is possible, by recollecting them in my memory. Whatever endeavours I use, on whatever side I turn me, the sweet idea still pursues me, and every object brings to my mind what I ought to forget. During the still night, when my heart ought to be quiet in the midst of sleep, which suspends the greatest disturbances, I cannot avoid those illusions my heart entertains. I think I am still with my dear Abelard. I see him, I speak to him, and hear him answer. Charmed with each other, we quit our philosophic studies to entertain ourselves with our passion. Sometimes too I seem to be a witness of the bloody enterprize of your enemies; I oppose their fury; I fill our apartment with fearful cries, and in the moment I awake in tears. Even into holy places, before the altar I carry with me the memory of our guilty loves. They are my whole business; and, far from lamenting for having been seduced, I sigh for having lost them.

I remember (for nothing is forgot by lovers) the time and place in which you first declared your love to me, and swore you would love me till death. Your words, your oaths, are all deeply graven in my heart. The disorder of my discourse discovers to every one the trouble of my mind.

My

My sighs betray me; and your name is continually in my mouth. When I am in this condition, why dost not thou, O Lord! pity my weakness, and strengthen me by thy grace? You are happy, Abelard, this grace has prevented you; and your misfortune has been the occasion of your rest. The punishment of your body has cured the deadly wounds of your soul. The tempest has driven you into the haven. God, who seemed to lay his hand heavily upon you, sought only to help you; he is a father chastising, and not an enemy revenging; a wise physician, putting you to some pain in order to preserve your life. I am a thousand times more to be lamented than you; I have a thousand passions to combat with. I must resist those fires which love kindles in a young heart. Our sex is nothing but weakness, and I have the greater difficulty to defend myself, because the enemy that attacks me pleases me; I doat on the danger which threatens me now, how then can I avoid falling?

In the midst of these struggles, I endeavour at least to conceal my weakness from those you have entrusted to my care. All who are about me admire my virtue; but could their eyes penetrate into my heart, what would they not discover? My passions there are in a rebellion; I preside over others, but cannot rule myself. I have but a false covering, and this seeming virtue is a real vice. Men judge me praise-worthy, but I am guilty before God, from whose all-seeing eye nothing is hid, and who views, through all their fold-

ings, the secrets of all hearts. I cannot escape his discovery. And yet it is a great deal to me to maintain even this appearance of virtue. This troublesome hypocrisy is in some sort commendable. I give no scandal to the world, which is so easy to take bad impressions. I do not shake the virtue of these feeble ones who are under my conduct. With my heart full of the love of man, I exhort them, at least, to love only God: charmed with the pomp of worldly pleasures, I endeavour to shew them that they are all deceit and vanity. I have just strength enough to conceal from them my inclinations, and I look upon that as a powerful effect of grace. If it is not sufficient to make me embrace virtue, it is enough to keep me from committing sin.

And yet it is in vain to endeavour to separate these two things. They must be guilty who merit nothing; and they depart from virtue who delay to approach it. Besides, we ought to have no other motive than the love of God; alas! what can I then hope for? I own, to my confusion, I fear more the offending a man, than the provoking God, and study less to please him than you. Yes, it was your command only, and not a sincere vocation, as is imagined, that shut me up in these cloisters. I sought to give you ease, and not to sanctify myself. How unhappy am I! I tear myself from all that pleases me; I bury myself here alive, I exercise myself in the most rigid fastings, and such severities as cruel laws impose on us; I feed myself with tears and sorrows; and notwithstanding

standing this I deserve nothing for all the hardships I suffer. My false piety has long deceived you as well as others; you have thought me easy, yet I was more disturbed than ever. You persuaded yourself I was wholly taken up with my duty, yet I had no business but love. Under this mistake you desire my prayers; alas! I must expect yours. Do not presume upon my virtue and my care. I am wavering, and you must fix me by your advice. I am yet feeble, you must sustain and guide me by your counsel.

What occasion had you to praise me? Praise is often hurtful to those on whom it is bestowed. A secret vanity springs up in the heart, blinds us, and conceals from us wounds that are ill cured. A seducer flatters us, and at the same time aims at our destruction. A sincere friend disguises nothing from us, and, far from passing a light hand over the wound, makes us feel it the more intensely, by applying remedies. Why do you not deal after this manner with me? Will you be esteemed a base dangerous flatterer; or, if you chance to see any thing commendable in me, have you no fear that vanity, which is so natural to all women, should quite efface it? But let us not judge of virtue by outward appearances, for then the reprobate as well as the elect may lay claim to it. An artful impostor may by his address gain more admiration, than the true zeal of a saint.

The heart of man is a labyrinth whose windings are very difficult to be discovered. The praises you give me are the more dangerous, in regard

that I love the person who gives them. The more I desire to please you, the readier I am to believe all the merit you attribute to me. Ah, think rather how to support my weaknesſes by wholeſome remonſtrances! Be rather fearful than confident of my ſalvation; ſay our virtue is founded upon weakneſs, and that thoſe only will be crowned who have fought with the greateſt difficulties: But I ſeek not for that crown which is the reward of victory, I am content to avoid only the danger. It is eaſier to keep off, than to win a battle. There are ſeveral degrees in glory, and I am not ambitious of the higheſt; thoſe I leave to ſouls of great courage, who have been often victorious. I ſeek not to conquer, out of fear leſt I ſhould be overcome. Happy enough if I can eſcape ſhipwreck, and at laſt gain the port. Heaven commands me to renounce that fatal paſſion which unites me to you; but oh! my heart will never be able to conſent to it. Adieu.

LETTER V.

ELOISA to ABELARD.

Eloisa had been dangerously ill at the convent of the Paraclete: Immediately upon her recovery, she wrote this letter to Abelard. She seems now to have disengaged herself from him, and to have resolved to think of nothing but repentance; yet discovers some emotions, which make it doubtful whether devotion had entirely triumphed over her passion.

DEAR Abelard, you expect, perhaps, that I should accuse you of negligence. You have not answered my last letter, and thanks to heaven, in the condition I now am, it is a happiness to me that you shew so much insensibility for the fatal, passion which had engaged me to you; at last, Abelard, you have lost Eloisa for ever: Notwithstanding all the oaths I made to think of nothing but you only, and to be entertained with nothing but you, I have banished you from my thoughts, I have forgot you. Thou charming idea of a lover I once adored, thou wilt no more be my happiness! dear image of Abelard! thou wilt no more follow

low me every where ; I will no more remember thee. O celebrated merit of a man, who, in spite of his enemies, is the wonder of his age ! O enchanting pleasures, to which Eloisa entirely resigned herself, you, you have been my tormentors ! I confess, Abelard, without a blush, my infidelity : Let my inconstancy teach the world that there is no depending upon the promises of women ; they are all subject to change. This troubles you, Abelard ; this news no doubt surprises you ; you could never imagine Eloisa should be inconstant. She was prejudiced by so strong an inclination to you, that you cannot conceive how time could alter it. But be undeceived, I am going to discover to you my falseness ; though, instead of reproaching me, I persuade myself you will shed tears of joy. When I shall have told you what rival hath ravished my heart from you, you will praise my inconstancy, and will pray this rival to fix it : By this you may judge that it is God alone that takes Eloisa from you. Yes, my dear Abelard, he gives my mind that tranquillity, which a lively remembrance of our misfortunes would not suffer me to enjoy. Just heaven ! what other rival could take me from you ? Could you imagine it possible for any mortal to blot you from my heart ? Could you think me guilty of sacrificing the virtuous and learned Abelard to any other but to God ? No, I believe you have done me justice in this point. I question not but you are impatient to know what means God used to accomplish so great an end ; I will tell you, and wonder at the secret ways of providence.

providence. Some few days after you sent me your last letter I fell dangerously ill; the physicians gave me over; and I expected certain death. Then it was, that my passion, which always before seemed innocent, appeared criminal to me. My memory represented faithfully to me all the past actions of my life, and, I confess to you, my love was the only pain I felt. Death, which till then I had always considered as at a distance, now presented itself to me such as it appears to sinners. I began to dread the wrath of God, now I was going to experience it; and I repented I had made no better use of his grace. Those tender letters I have wrote to you, and those passionate conversations I have had with you, gave me as much pain now, as they formerly did pleasure. Ah! miserable Eloisa, said I, if it is a crime to give one's self up to such soft transports; and if, after this life is ended, punishment certainly follows them, why didst thou not resist so dangerous an inclination? Think on the tortures that are prepared for thee, consider with terror that store of torments, and recollect at the same time those pleasures which thy deluded soul thought so entrancing. Ah, pursued I, dost thou not almost despair for having rioted in such false pleasures? In short, Abelard, imagine all the remorse of mind I suffered, and you will not be astonished at my change.

Solitude is insupportable to a mind which is not easy; its troubles increase in the midst of silence, and retirement heightens them. Since I have been shut up within these walls, I have done nothing

thing but weep for our misfortunes. This cloister has resounded with my cries, and, like a wretch condemned to eternal slavery, I have worn out my days in grief and sighing. Instead of fulfilling God's merciful design upon me, I have offended him: I have looked upon this sacred refuge, like a frightful prison, and have borne with unwillingness the yoke of the Lord. Instead of sanctifying myself by a life of penitence, I have confirmed my reprobation. What a fatal wandering! But, Abelard, I have torn off the bandage which blinded me, and, if I dare rely upon the emotions which I have felt, I have made myself worthy of your esteem. You are no more that amorous Abelard, who, to gain a private conversation with me by night, used incessantly to contrive new ways to deceive the vigilance of our observers. The misfortune which happened to you after so many happy moments gave you a horror for vice, and you instantly consecrated the rest of your days to virtue, and seemed to submit to this necessity willingly. I, indeed, more tender than you, and more sensible of soft pleasures, bore this misfortune with extreme impatience. You have heard my exclamations against your enemies. You have seen my whole resentment in those letters I wrote to you. It was this, without doubt, which deprived me of the esteem of my Abelard: You were alarmed at my transports, and, if you will confess the truth, you perhaps despaired of my salvation. You could not foresee that Eloisa would conquer so reigning a passion; but you have been deceived, Abelard; my weakness,

weakness, when supported by grace, hath not hindered me from obtaining a compleat victory. Restore me then to your good opinion; your own piety ought to solicit you to this.

But what secret trouble rises in my soul, what unthought-of motion opposes the resolution I have formed of fighting no more for Abelard? Just Heaven! have I not yet triumphed over my love? Unhappy Eloisa! as long as thou drawest breath, it is decreed thou must love Abelard; weep, unfortunate wretch that thou art, thou never hadst a more just occasion. Now I ought to die with grief; grace had overtaken me, and I had promised to be faithful to it, but I now perjure myself, and sacrifice even grace to Abelard. This sacrilegious sacrifice fills up the measure of my iniquities. After this can I hope God should open to me the treasures of his mercy? Have I not tired out his forgiveness? I began to offend him from the moment I first saw Abelard; an unhappy sympathy engaged us both in a criminal commerce; and God raised us up an enemy to separate us. I lament and hate the misfortune which hath lighted upon us, and adore the cause. Ah, I ought rather to explain this accident as the secret ordinance of Heaven, which disapproved of our engagement, and apply myself to extirpate my passion. How much better were it entirely to forget the object of it, than to preserve the memory of it, so fatal to the quiet of my life, and salvation? Great God! Shall Abelard always possess my thought; can I never free myself from those chains which bind me
to

to him? But perhaps I am unreasonably afraid; virtue directs all my motions, and they are all subject to grace. Fear no more, dear Abelard, I have no longer any of those sentiments, which being described in my letters have occasioned you so much trouble. I will no more endeavour, by the relation of those pleasures, our new-born passion gave us, to awaken that criminal fondness you may have for me. I free you from all your oaths; forget the names of lover and husband, but keep always that of father. I expect no more from you those tender protestations, and those letters so proper to keep up the commerce of love. I demand nothing of you but spiritual advice and wholesome directions. The path of holiness, however thorny it may be, will yet appear agreeable when I walk in your steps. You will always find me ready to follow you. I shall read with more pleasure the letters in which you shall describe to me the advantages of virtue, than ever I did those by which you so artfully instilled the fatal poison of our passion. You cannot now be silent, without a crime. When I was possessed with so violent a love, and pressed you so earnestly to write to me, how many letters did I send you before I could obtain one from you? You denied me in my misery the only comfort which was left me, because you thought it pernicious. You endeavoured by severities to force me to forget you; nor can I blame you; but now you have nothing to fear. A lucky disease, which providence seemed to have chastised me with for my sanctification,

hath

hath done what all human efforts, and your cruelty, in vain attempted. I see now the vanity of that happiness which we had set our hearts upon, as if we were never to have lost it. What fears, what uneasiness have we been obliged to suffer !

There is no pleasure upon earth, but that which virtue gives ! The heart, amidst all worldly delights, feels a sting ; it is uneasy, and restless till fixed on thee. What have I not suffered, Abelard, while I have kept alive in my retirement those fires which ruined me in the world ! I saw with horror the walls which surrounded me, the hours seemed as long as years. I repented a thousand times having buried myself here. But since grace has opened my eyes all the scene is changed. Solitude looks charming, and the tranquillity which I behold here enters my very heart. In the satisfaction of doing my duty I feel a pleasure, above all that riches, pomp, or sensuality could afford. My quiet has indeed cost me dear, I have bought it even at the price of my love, I have offered a violent sacrifice, and which seemed above my power. I have torn you from my heart, and be not jealous ; God reigns there in your stead, who ought always to have possessed it entire. Be content with having a place in my mind, which you shall never lose ; I shall always take a secret pleasure in thinking of you, and esteem it a glory to obey those rules you shall give me.

This very moment I receive a letter from you ; I will read it, and answer it immediately. You shall see by my exactness in writing to you, that
you

you are always dear to me.—You very obligingly reproach me for delaying so long to write you any news: My illness must excuse that. I omit no opportunities of giving you marks of my remembrance. I thank you for the uneasiness you say my silence caused you, and the kind fears you express concerning my health. Yours, you tell me, is but weakly, and you thought lately you should have died. With what indifference, cruel man, do you acquaint me with a thing so certain to afflict me! I told you in my former letter how unhappy I should be if you died; and if you loved me, you would moderate the rigour of your austere life. I represented to you the occasion I had for your advice, and consequently the reason there was you should take care of yourself. But I will not tire you with the repetition of the same things. *You desire us not to forget you in our prayers.* Ah, dear Abelard, you may depend upon the zeal of this society, it is devoted to you, and you cannot justly charge it with forgetfulness. You are our father, we your children: You are our guide, and we resign ourselves with assurance in your piety. You command, we obey; we faithfully execute what you have prudently directed. We impose no penance on ourselves but what you recommend, lest we should rather follow an indiscreet zeal than solid virtue. In a word, nothing is thought rightly done, if without Abelard's approbation. You inform me of one thing that perplexes me, that you have heard that some of our sisters gave bad examples, and that there is a general

ral looseness amongst them. Ought this to seem strange to you, who know how monasteries are filled now-a-days? Do fathers consult the inclinations of their children when they settle them? Are not interest and policy their only rules? This is the reason that monasteries are often filled with those who are a scandal to them. But I conjure you to tell me what are the irregularities you have heard of, and to teach me a proper remedy for them. I have not yet observed that looseness you mention; when I have, I will take due care. I walk my rounds every night, and make those I catch abroad return to their chambers; for I remember all the adventures which happened in the monasteries near Paris. You end your letter with a general deploring of your unhappiness, and wish for death as the end of a troublesome life. Is it possible a genius so great as yours should never get above his past misfortunes? What would the world say should they read your letters as I do? Would they consider the noble motive of your retirement, or not rather think you had shut yourself up only to lament the condition to which my uncle's revenge had reduced you? What would your young pupils say who come so far to hear you, and prefer your severe lectures to the softness of a worldly life, if they should see you secretly a slave to your passions, and sensible of all those weaknesses from which your rules can secure them? This Abelard they so much admire, this great personage which guides them, would lose his fame, and become the scorn of his pupils. If
these

these reasons are not sufficient to give you constancy in your misfortunes, cast your eyes upon me, and admire my resolution of shutting myself up by your example. I was young when we were separated, and (if I dare believe what you were always telling me) worthy of any gentleman's affections. If I had loved nothing in Abelard but sensual pleasure, a thousand agreeable young men might have comforted me upon my loss of him. You know what I have done, excuse me therefore from repeating it; think of those assurances I gave you of loving you with the utmost tenderness. I dried your tears with kisses, and because you were less powerful I became less reserved. Ah, if you had loved with delicacy, the oaths I made, the transports I accompanied them with, the innocent caresses I profusely gave you, all this sure might have comforted you. Had you observed me to grow by degrees indifferent to you, you might have had reason to despair, but you never received greater marks of my passion, than after that cruel revenge upon you.

Let me see no more in your letters, dear Abelard, such murmurs against Fortune; you are not the only one she has persecuted, and you ought to forget her outrages. What a shame is it for a philosopher not to be comforted for an accident which might happen to any man. Govern yourself by my example. I was born with violent passions; I daily strive with the most tender emotions, and glory in triumphing and subjecting them to reason: Must a weak mind fortify one that is so

much superior? But whither am I transported? Is this discourse directed to my dear Abelard? One that practises all those virtues he teaches? If you complain of Fortune, it is not so much that you feel her strokes, as that you cannot shew your enemies how much to blame they were in attempting to hurt you. Leave them, Abelard, to exhaust their malice, and continue to charm your auditors. Discover those treasures of learning heaven seems to have reserved for you; your enemies, struck with the splendour of your reasoning, will do you justice. How happy should I be, could I see all the world as entirely persuaded of your probity as I am: Your learning is allowed by all the world; your greatest enemies confess you are ignorant of nothing that the mind of man is capable of knowing.

My dear husband! (this is the last time I shall use that expression) shall I never see you again? Shall I never have the pleasure of embracing you before death? What dost thou say, wretched Eloisa? dost thou know what thou desirest? Canst thou behold those lively eyes without recollecting those amorous glances which have been so fatal to thee? Canst thou view that majestic air of Abelard, without entertaining a jealousy of ever one that sees so charming a man? that mouth which cannot be looked upon without desire; in short, all the person of Abelard cannot be viewed by any woman without danger. Desire therefore no more to see Abelard; if the memory of him has caused thee so much trouble, Eloisa what will not his presence do?

do? What desires will it not excite in thy soul? How will it be possible for thee to keep thy reason at the sight of so amiable a man? I will own to you what makes the greatest pleasure I have in my retirement. After having passed the day in thinking of you, full of the dear idea, I give myself up at night to sleep: Then it is that Eloisa, who dares not without trembling think of you by day, resigns herself entirely to the pleasure of hearing you, and speaking to you. I see you, Abelard, and glut my eyes with the sight; sometimes you entertain me with the story of your secret troubles and grievances, and create in me a sensible sorrow; sometimes, forgetting the perpetual obstacles to our desires, you press me to make you happy, and I easily yield to your transports. Sleep gives you what your enemies rage has deprived you of; and our souls, animated with the same passion, are sensible of the same pleasure. But oh ye delightful illusions, soft errors, how soon do you vanish away! At my awaking I open my eyes and see no Abelard; I stretch out my arm to take hold of him, but he is not there; I call him, he hears me not. What a fool I am to tell you my dreams, who are insensible of these pleasures? But do you, Abelard, never see Eloisa in your sleep? How does she appear to you? Do you entertain her with the same tender language as formerly, when Fulbert committed her to your care? When you awake, are you pleased or sorry? Pardon me, Abelard, pardon a mistaken lover. I must no more expect that vivacity from
 IO you

you, which once animated all your actions. It is no more time to require from you a perfect correspondence of desires. We have bound ourselves to severe austerities, and must follow them, let them cost us never so dear. Let us think of our duties in these rigours, and make a good use of that necessity which keeps us separate. You, Abelard, will happily finish your course; your desires and ambitions will be no obstacle to your salvation. Eloisa only must lament, she only must weep, without being certain whether all her tears will be available or not to her salvation.

I had like to have ended my letter without acquainting you with what happened here a few days ago. A young nun, who was one of those who are forced to take up with a convent without any examination whether it will suit with their tempers or not, is, by a stratagem I know nothing of, escaped, and, as they say, fled with a young gentleman she was in love with into England. I have ordered all the house to conceal the matter. Ah, Abelard! if you were near us these disorders would not happen. All the sisters, charmed with seeing and hearing you, would think of nothing but practising your rules and directions. The young nun had never formed so criminal a design as that of breaking her vows, had you been at our head to exhort us to live holily. If your eyes were witnesses of our actions, they would be innocent. When we slept, you

H

would

would lift us up and establish us by your counsels; we should march with sure steps in the rough paths of virtue. I begin to perceive, Abelard, that I take too much pleasure in writing to you. I ought to burn my letter. It shews you I am still engaged in a deep passion for you, though at the beginning of it I designed to persuade you of the contrary; I am sensible of the motions both of grace and passion, and by turns yield to each. Have pity, Abelard, of the condition to which you have brought me, and make in some measure the latter days of my life as quiet, as the first have been uneasy and disturbed.

LETTER VI.

ABELARD to ELOISA.

Abelard, having at last conquered the remains of his passion, had determined to put an end to so dangerous a correspondence as that between Eloisa and himself. The following letter, therefore, though written with no less concern than his former, is free from mixtures of a worldly passion, and is full of the warmest sentiments of piety, and the most moving exhortations.

WRITE no more to me, Eloisa, write no more to me; it is time to end a commerce which makes our mortifications of no advantage to us. We retired from the world to sanctify ourselves; and, by a conduct directly contrary to christian morality, we become odious to Jesus Christ. Let us no more deceive ourselves, by flattering ourselves with the remembrance of our past pleasures, as we shall thereby make our lives troublesome, and shall be incapable of relishing the sweets of solitude. Let us make a good use of our austerities, and no longer preserve the idea of our crimes amongst the severities of penitence. Let a mortification of body and

H 2

mind,

mind, a strict fasting, continual solitude, profound and holy meditations, and a sincere love of God, succeed our former irregularities.

Let us try to carry religious perfection to a very difficult point. It is beautiful to find in christianity minds so disengaged from the earth, from the creatures and themselves, that they seem to act independently of those bodies they are joined to, and to use them as their slaves. We can never raise ourselves to too great heights, when God is the object. Be our endeavours never so great, they will always come short of reaching that exalted divinity, which even our apprehensions cannot reach. Let us act for God's glory, independent of the creatures or ourselves, without any regard to our own desires, or the sentiments of others. Were we in this temper of mind, Eloisa, I would willingly make my abode at the Paraclete. My earnest care for a house I have founded would draw a thousand blessings on it. I would instruct it by my words, and animate it by my example. I would watch over the lives of my sisters, and would command nothing but what I myself would perform. I would direct you to pray, meditate, labour, and keep vows of silence; and I would myself pray, meditate, labour, and be silent. When I spoke, it should be to lift you up when you should fall, to strengthen you in your weaknesses to enlighten you in that darkness and obscurity which might at any time surprise you. I would comfort you under those severities used by persons of great virtue.

I would

I would moderate the vivacity of your zeal and piety, and give your virtue an even temperament : I would point out those duties which you ought to know, and satisfy you in those doubts which the weakness of your reason might occasion. I would be your master and father ; and, by a marvellous talent, I would become lively, slow, soft, or severe, according to the different characters of those I should guide in the painful path of christian perfection.

But whither does my vain imagination carry me ? Ah, Eloisa, how far are we from such a happy temper ? Your heart still burns with that fatal fire which you cannot extinguish, and mine is full of trouble and uneasiness. Think not, Eloisa, that I enjoy here a perfect peace ; I will, for the last time, open my heart to you ; I am not yet disengaged from you ; I fight against my excessive tenderness for you, yet in spite of all my endeavours, the remaining frailty makes me but too sensible of your sorrows, and gives me a share in them. Your letters have indeed moved me, I could not read with indifference characters wrote by that dear hand. I sigh, I weep, and all my reason is scarce sufficient to conceal my weakness from my pupils. This, unhappy Eloisa ! is the miserable condition of Abelard. The world, which generally errs in its notions, thinks I am easy, and, as if I had loved only in you the gratification of sense, imagines I have now forgot you ; but what a mistake is this ! People indeed did not mistake in thinking when we separated, that shame

and grief for having been so cruelly used made me abandon the world. It was not, as you know, a sincere repentance for having offended God, which inspired me with a desire of retiring : However, I considered the accident which happened to us as a secret design of providence, to punish our crimes ; and only looked upon Fulbert as the instrument of divine vengeance. Grace drew me into an Asylum, where I might yet have remained, if the rage of my enemies would have permitted : I have endured all their persecutions, not doubting but God himself raised them up in order to purify me.

When he saw me perfectly obedient to his holy will, he permitted that I should justify my doctrine ; I made its purity public, and shewed in the end that my faith was not only orthodox, but also perfectly clear from even the suspicion of novelty.

I should be happy if I had none to fear but my enemies, and no other hindrance to my salvation but their calumny ; but, Eloisa, you cause me anxiety ; your letters declare to me that you are enslaved to a fatal passion ; and yet, if you cannot conquer it, you cannot be saved ; and what part would you have me take in this case ? Would you have me stifle the inspirations of the Holy Ghost ? Shall I, to sooth you, dry up those tears which the evil spirit makes you shed : Shall this be the fruit of my meditations ? No : let us be more firm in our resolutions ; we have not retired but in order to lament our sins, and to gain Heaven ;

ven; let us then resign ourselves to God with all our hearts.

I know every thing in the beginning is difficult, but it is glorious to undertake the beginning of a great action, and that glory increases proportionably, as the difficulties are more considerable. We ought upon this account to surmount bravely all obstacles which might hinder us in the practice of christian virtue. In a monastery men are proved as gold in the furnace. No one can continue long there, unless he bear worthily the yoke of our Lord.

Attempt to break those shameful chains which bind you to the flesh, and if by the assistance of grace you are so happy as to accomplish this, I entreat you to think of me in your prayers. Endeavour with all your strength to be the pattern of a perfect christian; it is difficult, I confess, but not impossible; and I expect this glorious triumph from your docile disposition. If your first endeavours prove weak, give not yourself up to despair; that would be cowardice; besides, I would have you informed, that you must necessarily take great pains, because you strive to conquer a terrible enemy, to extinguish raging fire, and to reduce to subjection your dearest affections; you must fight against your own desires; be not therefore pressed down with the weight of your corrupt nature. You have to do with a cunning adversary, who will use all means to seduce you; be always upon your guard. While we live we are exposed to temptations; this made a

great saint say, that *the whole life of man was a temptation*; the devil, who never sleeps, walks continually around us, in order to surprise us on some unguarded side, and enters into our soul to destroy it.

However perfect any one may be, yet he may fall into temptations, and perhaps into such as may be useful. Nor is it wonderful that man should never be exempt from them, because he hath always in himself their source, concupiscence; scarce are we delivered from one temptation, but another attacks us. Such is the lot of the posterity of Adam, that they should always have something to suffer, because they have forfeited their primitive happiness. We vainly flatter ourselves that we shall conquer temptations by flying; if we join not patience and humility, we shall torment ourselves to no purpose. We shall more certainly compass our end by imploring God's assistance, than by using any means drawn from ourselves.

Be constant, Eloisa, trust in God, and you will fall into few temptations; whenever they shall come, stifle them in their birth; let them not take root in your heart. Apply remedies to a disease, said an ancient, in its beginning, for when it hath gained strength, medicines will be unavailable; temptations have their degrees, they are at first mere thoughts, and do not appear dangerous; the imagination receives them without any fears; a pleasure is formed out of them, we pause upon it, and at least we yield to it.

Do

Do you now, Eloisa, applaud my design of making you walk in the steps of the saints? Do my words give you any relish for penitence? Have you not remorse for your wanderings, and do you not wish you could, like Magdalen, wash our Saviour's feet with your tears? If you have not yet these ardent emotions, pray that he would inspire them. I shall never cease to recommend you in my prayers, and always beseech him to assist you in your desire of dying holily. You have quitted the world, and what object was worthy to detain you there? Lift up your eyes always to him to whom you have consecrated the rest of your days. Life upon this earth is misery. The very necessities to which our body is subject here, are matter of affliction to a saint. *Lord, said the royal prophet, deliver me from my necessities!* They are wretched who do not know themselves for such, and yet they are more wretched who know their misery, and do not hate the corruption of the age. What fools are men to engage themselves to earthly things! They will be undeceived one day, and will know but too late how much they have been to blame in loving such false good. Persons truly pious do not thus mistake, they are disengaged from all sensual pleasures, and raise their desires to Heaven. Begin, Eloisa; put your design in execution without delay; you have yet time enough to work out your salvation. Love Christ, and despise yourself for his sake. He would possess your heart, and be the sole object of your sighs and tears? seek for

no comfort but in him. If you do not free yourself from me, you will fall with me; but if you quit me, and give up yourself to him, you will be steadfast and immoveable. If you force the Lord to forsake you, you will fall into distress; but if you be ever faithful to him, you will be always in joy. Magdalen wept, as thinking the Lord had forsaken her. But Martha said, see, the Lord calls you. Be diligent in your duty, and obey faithfully the motions of his grace, and Jesus will remain always with you.

Attend, Eloisa, to some instructions I have to give you: You are at the head of a society, and you know there is this difference between those who lead a private life, and such as are charged with the conduct of others; that the first need only labour for their own sanctification, and in acquitting themselves of their duties are not obliged to practise all the virtues in such an apparent manner; whereas they, who have the conduct of others intrusted to them, ought by their example to engage them to do all the good they are capable of in their condition. I beseech you to attend to this truth, and so to follow it, as that your whole life may be a perfect model of that of a religious recluse.

God, who heartily desires our salvation, hath made all the means of it easy to us. In the Old Testament he hath written in the tables of the law what he requires of us, that we might not be bewildered in seeking after his will. In the New Testament he hath written that law of grace in our hearts, to the intent that it might be always

ways present with us; and, knowing the weakness and incapacity of our nature, he hath given us grace to perform his will; and, as if this were not enough, he hath at all times, in all states of the church, raised up men, who by their exemplary life might excite others to their duty. To effect this, he hath chosen persons of every age, sex, and condition. Strive now to unite in yourself all those virtues which have been scattered in these different states. Have the purity of virgins, the austerity of anchorites, the zeal of pastors and bishops, and the constancy of martyrs. Be exact, in the course of your whole life, to fulfil the duties of a holy and enlightened superior, and then death, which is commonly considered as terrible, will appear agreeable to you.

The death of his saints, says the prophet, *is precious in the sight of the Lord*. Nor is it difficult to comprehend why their death should have this advantage over that of sinners. I have remarked three things which might have given the prophet an occasion of speaking thus. First, their resignation to the will of God. Secondly, the continuation of their good works. And lastly, the triumph they gain over the devil.

A saint who has accustomed himself to submit to the will of God, yields to death without reluctance. He waits with joy (says St. Gregory) for the judge who is to reward him, he fears not to quit this miserable mortal life, in order to begin an immortal happy one. It is not so with the sinner, says the same father; he fears, and with reason;

he trembles at the approach of the least sickness; death is terrible to him, because he cannot bear the presence of an offended judge, and, having so often abused the grace of God, he sees no way to avoid the punishment due to his sins. The saints have besides this advantage over sinners, that having made works of piety familiar to them during their life, they exercise them without trouble, and having gained new strength against the devil every time they overcame him, they will find themselves in a condition at the hour of death to obtain that victory over him, on which depends all eternity, and the blessed union of their souls with their creator.

I hope, Eloisa, that after having deplored the irregularities of your past life, you will die (as the prophet prayed) the death of the righteous. Ah how few are there who make their end after this manner! And why? It is because there are so few who love the cross of Christ. Every one would be saved, but few will use those means which religion prescribes: And yet we can be saved by nothing but the cross, why then do we refuse to bear it? Hath not our Saviour borne it before us, and died for us, to the end that we might also bear it, and desire to die also? All the saints have been afflicted, and our Saviour himself did not pass one hour of his life without some sorrow. Hope not therefore to be exempted from sufferings. The cross, Eloisa, is always at hand, but take care that you do not bear it with regret, for by so doing you will make it more heavy, and
you

you will be oppressed by it unprofitably. On the contrary, if you bear it with affection and courage, all your sufferings will create in you a holy confidence, whereby you will find comfort in God. Hear our Saviour, who says, *My child, renounce yourself, take up your Cross and follow me.* Oh Eloisa! do you doubt? Is not your soul ravished at so saving a command? Are you deaf to his voice? Are you insensible to words so full of kindness? Beware, Eloisa, of refusing a husband who demands you, and is more to be feared, if you slight his affection, than any profane lover. Provoked at your contempt and ingratitude, he will turn his love into anger, and make you feel his vengeance. How will you sustain his presence, when you shall stand before his tribunal? He will reproach you for having despised his grace; he will represent to you his sufferings for you. What answer can you make? He will then be implacable. He will say to you, go, proud creature, dwell in everlasting flames; I separated you from the world to purify you in solitude, and you did not second my design. I endeavoured to save you, and you took pains to destroy yourself: Go, wretch, and take the portion of the reprobates.

Oh, Eloisa, prevent these terrible words, and avoid, by a holy course, the punishment prepared for sinners. I dare not give you a description of those dreadful torments which are the consequences of a life of guilt. I am filled with horror, when they offer themselves to my imagination: And yet, Eloisa, I can conceive nothing

which can reach the tortures of the damned; the fire which we see upon earth, is but the shadow of that which burns them; and without enumerating their endless pains, the loss of God which they feel increases all their torments. Can any one sin who is persuaded of this? My God! can we dare to offend thee? Though the riches of thy mercy could not engage us to love thee, the dread of being thrown into such an abyss of misery should restrain us from doing any thing which might displease Thee!

I question not, Eloisa, but you will hereafter apply yourself in good earnest to the business of your salvation: This ought to be your whole concern. Banish me therefore for ever from your heart; it is the best advice I can give you: For the remembrance of a person we have loved criminally cannot but be hurtful, whatever advances we have made in the ways of virtue. When you have extirpated your unhappy inclination towards me, the practice of every virtue will become easy; and when at last your life is conformable to that of Christ, death will be desirable to you. Your soul will joyfully leave this body, and direct its flight to Heaven. Then you will appear with confidence before your Saviour: You will not read characters of your reprobation written in the book of life; but you will hear your Saviour say, come, partake of my glory, and enjoy the eternal reward I have appointed for those virtues you have practised.

Farewel, Eloisa. This is the last advice of your
 dear

dear Abelard; this last time, let me persuade you to follow the holy rules of the Gospel. Heaven grant that your heart, once so sensible of my love, may now yield to be directed by my zeal! May the idea of your loving Abelard, always present to your mind, be now changed into the image of Abelard, truly penitent; and may you shed as many tears for your salvation, as you have done during the course of our misfortunes!

ELOISA

ELOISA to ABELARD.

By Mr. POPE.

IN these deep solitudes and awful cells,
 Where heav'nly-pensive contemplation dwells,
 And ever-musing melancholy reigns;
 What means this tumult in a vestal's veins?
 Why rove my thoughts beyond this last retreat?
 Why feels my heart its long-forgotten heat?
 Yet, yet I love! — From Abelard it came,
 And Eloisa yet must kiss the name.

Dear, fatal name! rest ever unreveal'd,
 Nor pass these lips in holy silence seal'd:
 Hide it, my heart, within that close disguise,
 Where, mix'd with God's, his lov'd idea lies:
 Oh write it not, my hand — the name appears
 Already written — wash it out my tears!
 In vain lost Eloisa weeps and prays,
 Her heart still dictates, and her hand obeys.

Relentless walls! whose darksome round contains
 Repentant sighs, and voluntary pains:
 Ye rugged rocks! which holy knees have worn;
 Ye grotts and caverns shagg'd with horrid thorn!

Shrines!

Shrines! where their vigils pale-ey'd virgins keep,
 And pitying saints, whose statues learn to weep!
 Though cold like you, unmov'd and silent grown,
 I have not yet forgot myself to stone.

Heav'n claims me all in vain; while he has part,
 Still rebel Nature holds out half my heart;
 Nor pray'rs nor fasts its stubborn pulse restrain,
 Nor tears, for ages, taught to flow in vain.

Soon as thy letters trembling I uncloſe,
 That well-known name awakens all my woes:
 Oh name for ever ſad! for ever dear!
 Still breath'd in ſighs, ſtill uſher'd with a tear.
 I tremble too where'er my own I find,
 Some dire miſfortune follows cloſe behind.
 Line after line my gushing eyes o'erflow,
 Led through a ſad variety of woe;
 Now warm in love, now with'ring in thy bloom,
 Loſt in a convent's ſolitary gloom!
 There ſtern religion quench'd th' unwilling flame,
 There died the beſt of paſſions, love and fame.

Yet write, oh write me all, that I may join
 Grievs to thy griev's, and echo ſighs to thine.
 Nor foes nor Fortune take this pow'r away;
 And is my Abelard leſs kind than they?
 Tears ſtill are mine, and thoſe I need not ſpare,
 Love but demands what elſe were ſhed in pray'r;
 No happier taſk theſe faded eyes purſue;
 To read and weep is all they now can do.
 Then ſhare thy pain, allow that ſad relief;
 Ah, more than ſhare it! give me all thy grief.
 Heav'n firſt taught letters for ſome wretch's aid,
 Some baniſh'd lover, or ſome captive maid;

They

They live, they speak, they breathe what love inspires,

Warm from the soul, and faithful to its fires,
The virgin's wish without her fears impart,
Excuse the blush, and pour out all the heart,
Speed the soft intercourse from soul to soul,
And waft a sigh from Indus to the Pole.

Thou know'st how guiltless first I met thy flame,
When love approach'd me under friendship's name;
My fancy form'd thee of angelic kind,
Some emanation of th' all-beauteous mind.
Those smiling eyes, attempt'ring every ray,
Shone sweetly lambent with celestial day.
Guiltless I gaz'd; Heav'n listen'd while you sung;
And truths divine came mended from that tongue.
From lips like those what precept fail'd to move?
Too soon they taught me 'twas no sin to love:
Back through the paths of pleasing sense I ran,
Nor wish'd an angel whom I lov'd a man.
Dim and remote the joys of saints I see;
Nor envy them that Heav'n I lose for thee.

How oft', when prest to marriage, have I said,
Curse on all laws but those which love has made!
Love, free as air, at sight of human ties,
Spreads his light wings and in a moment flies.
Let wealth, let honour, wait the wedded dame,
August her deed, and sacred be her fame;
Before true passion all those views remove,
Fame, wealth, and honour! what are you to love?
The jealous god, when we profane his fires,
Those restless passions in revenge inspires,

And

And bids them make mistaken mortals groan,
Who seek in love for aught but love alone.
Should at my feet the world's great master fall,
Himself, his throne, his world, I'd scorn 'em all:
Not Cæsar's empress would I deign to prove;
No, make me mistress to the man I love;
If there be yet another name, more free,
More fond than mistress, make me that to thee!
O happy state, when souls each other draw,
When love is liberty, and nature, law:
All then is full, possessing, and possess'd,
No craving void left aking in the breast:
Ev'n thought meets thought, ere from the lips it part,
And each warm wish springs mutual from the heart.
This sure is bliss (if bliss on earth there be)
And once the lot of Abelard and me.

Alas, how chang'd! what sudden horrors rise?
A naked lover bound and bleeding lies!
Where, where was Eloisa? her voice, her hand,
Her poniard had oppos'd the dire command.
Barbarian stay! that bloody stroke restrain;
The crime was common, common be the pain.
I can no more;—by shame, by rage suppress'd,
Let tears, and burning blushes speak the rest.

Canst thou forget that sad, that solemn day,
When victims at yon' altar's foot we lay?
Canst thou forget what tears that moment fell;
When, warm in youth, I bade the world farewell?
As with cold lips I kiss'd the sacred veil,
The shrines all trembled, and the lamps grew pale:
Heav'n scarce believ'd the conquest it survey'd,
And saints with wonder heard the vows I made.

Yet

Yet then, to those dread altars as I drew,
Not on the cross my eyes were fix'd, but you :
Not grace, or zeal, love only was my call,
And if I lose thy love, I lose my all.
Come ! with thy looks, thy words, relieve my woe ;
Those still, at least, are left thee to bestow.
Still on that breast enamour'd let me lie,
Still drink delicious poison from thy eye,
Pant on thy lip, and to thy heart be press'd :
Give all thou canst—and let me dream the rest.
Ah no ! instruct me other joys to prize,
With other beauties charm my partial eyes,
Full in my view set all the bright abode,
And make my soul quit Abelard for God.

Ah think at least thy flock deserves thy care,
Plants of thy hand, and children of thy pray'r.
From the false world in early youth they fled,
By thee to mountains, wilds, and deserts led.
You rais'd these hallow'd walls ; the desert smil'd,
And Paradise was open'd in the wild.
No weeping orphan saw his father's stores
Our shrines irradiate, or emblaze the floors ;
No silver saints, by dying misers given,
Here brib'd the rage of ill-requested Heav'n :
But such plain roofs as piety could raise,
And only vocal with the Maker's praise.
In these lone walls (their day's eternal bound)
These moss-grown domes with spiry turrets crown'd,
Where awful arches make a noon-day night,
And the dim windows shed a solemn light ;
Thy eyes diffus'd a reconciling ray,
And gleams of glory brighten'd all the day.

But



A. Walker sculp.

But now no face divine contentment wears,
'Tis all blank sadness, or continual tears.
See how the force of others' pray'rs I try,
(Oh pious fraud of am'rous charity!)
But why should I on others' pray'rs depend?
Come thou, my father, brother, husband, friend!
Ah, let thy handmaid, sister, daughter move,
And, all those tender names in one, thy love!
The darksome pines that o'er yon' rocks reclin'd
Wave high, and murmur to the hollow wind,
The wand'ring streams that shine between the hills,
The grotts that echo to the tinkling rills,
The dying gales that pant upon the trees,
The lakes that quiver to the curling breeze;
No more these scenes my meditation aid,
Or lull to rest the visionary maid:
But o'er the twilight groves, and dusky caves,
Long-sounding isles, and intermingled graves,
Black melancholy sits, and round her throws
A death-like silence, and a dread repose:
Her gloomy presence saddens all the scene,
Shades ev'ry flow'r, and darkens ev'ry green,
Deepens the murmur of the falling floods,
And breathes a browner horror on the woods.

Yet here for ever, ever must I stay;
Sad proof how well a lover can obey!
Death, only death, can break the lasting chain;
And here, ev'n then, shall my cold dust remain,
Here all its frailties, all its flames resign,
And wait, till 'tis no sin to mix with thine.

Ah wretch! believ'd the spouse of God in vain,
Confess'd within the slave of love and man.

Assist

Assist me, Heav'n! — but whence arose that pray'r?
Sprung it from piety, or from despair?
Ev'n here, where frozen chastity retires,
Love finds an altar for forbidden fires.
I ought to grieve, but cannot what I ought;
I mourn the lover, not lament the fault;
I view my crime, but kindle at the view,
Repent old pleasures, and solicit new;
Now turn'd to Heav'n, I weep my past offence,
Now think of thee, and curse my innocence.
Of all affliction taught a lover yet,
'Tis sure the hardest science, to forget!
How shall I lose the sin, yet keep the sense,
And love th' offender, yet detest th' offence?
How the dear object from the crime remove,
Or how distinguish penitence from love?
Unequal task! a passion to resign,
For hearts so touch'd, so pierc'd, so lost as mine.
Ere such a soul regains its peaceful state,
How often must it love, how often hate!
How often hope, despair, repent, regret,
Conceal, disdain — do all things but forget!
But let Heav'n seize it, all at once 'tis fir'd,
Not touch'd, but rapt; not waken'd, but inspir'd!
Oh come! oh teach me nature to subdue,
Renounce my love, my life, my self — and you.
Fill my fond heart with God alone, for he
Alone can rival, can succeed to thee.
How happy is the blameless vestal's lot!
The world forgetting, by the world forgot:
Eternal sun-shine of the spotless mind!
Each pray'r accepted, and each wish resign'd;

Labour

Labour and rest, that equal periods keep ;
 Obedient slumbers, that can wake and weep ;
 Desires compos'd, affections ever even ;
 Tears that delight, and sighs that waft to Heav'n.
 Grace shines around her with serenest beams,
 And whisp'ring angels prompt her golden dreams.
 For her the SPOUSE prepares the bridal ring,
 For her white virgins Hymeneals sing,
 For her th'unfading rose of Eden blooms,
 And wings of seraphs shed divine perfumes ;
 To sounds of heav'nly harps she dies away,
 And melts in visions of eternal day.

Far other dreams my erring soul employ,
 Far other raptures, of unholy joy :
 When at the close of each sad, sorrowing day,
 Fancy restores what vengeance snatch'd away,
 Then conscience sleeps, and, leaving nature free,
 All my loose soul unbanded springs to thee.
 O curst, dear horrors of all-conscious night !
 How glowing guilt exalts the keen delight !
 Provoking dæmons all restraint remove,
 And stir within me ev'ry source of love.
 I hear thee, view thee, gaze o'er all thy charms,
 And round thy phantom glue my clasping arms.
 I wake :——no more I hear, no more I view,
 The phantom flies me, as unkind as you :
 I call aloud ; it hears not what I say ;
 I stretch my empty arms ; it glides away.
 To dream once more I close my willing eyes ;
 Ye soft illusions, dear deceits, arise !
 Alas ! no more ! ——methinks we wand'ring go
 Thro' dreary wastes, and weep each other's woe.

Where round some mould'ring tow'r pale ivy
 creeps,
 And low-brow'd rocks hang nodding o'er the
 deeps.

Sudden you mount, you beckon from the skies ;
 Clouds interpose, waves roar, and winds arise.
 I shriek, start up, the same sad prospect find,
 And wake to all the griefs I left behind.

For thee the fates, severely kind, ordain
 A cool suspense from pleasure and from pain ;
 Thy life a long, dead calm of fix'd repose ;
 No pulse that riots, and no blood that glows ;
 Still as the sea, ere winds were taught to blow,
 Or moving spirit bade the waters flow ;
 Soft as the slumbers of a faint forgiv'n,
 And mild as opening gleams of promis'd Heav'n.

Come, Abelard ! for what hast thou to dread ?
 The torch of Venus burns not for the dead.
 Nature stands check'd ; religion disapproves ;
 Ev'n thou art cold ——— yet Eloisa loves.
 Ah hopeless, lasting flames ! like those that burn
 To light the dead, and warm th' unfruitful urn.

What scenes appear ! —where'er I turn my view,
 The dear ideas where I fly, pursue,
 Rise in the grove, before the altar rise,
 Stain all my soul, and wanton in my eyes.
 I waste the matin lamp in sighs for thee,
 Thy image steals between my God and me,
 Thy voice I seem in ev'ry hymn to hear,
 With ev'ry bead I drop too soft a tear.
 When from the censer clouds of fragrance roll,
 And swelling organs lift the rising soul,

One thought of thee puts all the pomp to flight,
Priests, tapers, temples, swim before my sight:
In seas of flame my plunging soul is drown'd,
While altars blaze, and angels tremble round.

While prostrate here in humble grief I lie,
Kind, virtuous drops just gath'ring in my eye,
While praying, trembling, in the dust I roll,
And dawning grace is opening on my soul;
Come, if thou dar'st, all charming as thou art!
Oppose thyself to Heav'n, dispute my heart;
Come, with one glance of those deluding eyes
Blot out each bright idea of the skies;
Take back that grace, those sorrows, and those tears;
Take back my fruitless penitence and pray'rs;
Snatch me, just mounting, from the blest abode;
Assist the fiends, and tear me from my God!

No, fly me, fly me, far as pole from pole!
Rise Alps between us, and whole oceans roll!
Ah, come not, write not, think not once of me,
Nor share one pang of all I felt for thee.
Thy oaths I quit, thy memory resign;
Forget, renounce me, hate what'er was mine.
Fair eyes, and tempting looks, which yet I view,
Long lov'd, ador'd ideas, all adieu!
O grace serene! O virtue heav'nly fair!
Divine oblivion of low-thoughted care!
Fresh-blooming hope, gay daughter of the sky!
And faith, our early immortality!
Enter, each mild, each amicable guest;
Receive, and wrap me in eternal rest!

See in her cell sad Eloisa spread,
Propt on some tomb, a neighbour of the dead!

In each low wind methinks a spirit calls,
 And more than echoes talk along the walls.
 Here, as I watch'd the dying lamps around,
 From yonder shrine I heard a hollow sound:
 ' Come, sister, come ! (it said, or seem'd to say)
 ' Thy place is here, sad sister, come away !
 ' Once like thyself I trembled, wept, and pray'd,
 ' Love's victim then, though now a fainted maid.
 ' But all is calm in this eternal sleep ;
 ' Here grief forgets to groan, and love to weep :
 ' Ev'n superstition loses ev'ry fear ;
 ' For God, not man, absolves our frailties here.'
 I come, I come ! prepare your roseate bow'rs,
 Celestial palms, and ever-blooming flow'rs.
 Thither, where sinners may have rest, I go,
 Where flames refin'd in breasts seraphic glow :
 Thou, Abelard ! the last sad office pay,
 And smooth my passage to the realms of day ;
 See my lips tremble, and my eye-balls roll,
 Suck my last breath, and catch the flying soul !
 Ah no—in sacred vestments may'st thou stand,
 The hallow'd taper trembling in thy hand,
 Present the cross before my lifted eye,
 Teach me at once, and learn of me, to die.
 Ah then thy once-lov'd Eloisa see !
 (It will be then no crime to gaze on me)
 See from my cheek the transient roses fly !
 See the last sparkle languish in my eye !
 Till ev'ry motion, pulse, and breath, be o'er ;
 And ev'n my Abelard be lov'd no more.
 O death, all-eloquent ! you only prove
 What dust we doat on, when 'tis man we love.

Then

Then too, when fate shall thy fair frame destroy
(That cause of all my guilt, and all my joy),
In trance ecstatic may thy pangs be drown'd,
Bright clouds descend, and angels watch thee round!
From opening skies may streaming glories shine,
And saints embrace thee with a love like mine!

May one kind grave unite each hapless name,
And graft my love immortal on thy fame!
Then, ages hence, when all my woes are o'er,
When this rebellious heart shall beat no more,
If ever chance two wand'ring lovers brings
To Paraclete's white walls and silver springs,
O'er the pale marble shall they join their heads,
And drink the falling tears each other sheds;
Then sadly say, with mutual pity mov'd,
"Oh may we never love as these have lov'd!"
From the full choir when loud hosannas rise,
And swell the pomp of dreadful sacrifice,
Amid that scene, if some relenting eye
Glance on the stone where our cold relics lie,
Devotion's self shall steal a thought from Heav'n,
One human tear shall drop, and be forgiv'n.
And sure if fate some future bard shall join
In sad similitude of griefs to mine,
Condemn'd whole years in absence to deplore,
And image charms he must behold no more,
Such if there be, who loves so long, so well;
Let him our sad, our tender story tell:
The well-sung woes will soothe my pensive ghost;
He best can paint them, who shall feel them most.

ABELARD TO ELOISA.

BY MRS. MADAN.

IN my dark cell, low prostrate on the ground,
 Mourning my crimes, thy letter entrance found;
 Too soon my soul the well-known name confess,
 My beating heart sprang fiercely in my breast;
 Thro' my whole frame a guilty transport glow'd,
 And streaming torrents from my eyes fast flow'd.

Oh Eloisa! art thou still the same?
 Dost thou still nourish this destructive flame?
 Have not the gentle rules of peace and Heav'n
 From thy soft soul this fatal passion driv'n?
 Alas! I thought you disengag'd and free;
 And can you still, still sigh and weep for me?
 What powerful deity, what hallow'd shrine,
 Can save me from a love, a faith like thine?
 Where shall I fly, when not this awful cave,
 Whose rugged feet the surging billows lave;
 When not these gloomy cloisters solemn walls,
 O'er whose rough sides the languid ivy crawls;
 When my dread vows, in vain, their force oppose?
 Oppos'd to love, alas! how vain are vows!
 In fruitless penitence I wear away
 Each tedious night and sad revolving day;

I fast,

I fast, I pray, and with deceitful art
Veil thy dear image in my tortur'd heart ;
My tortur'd heart conflicting passions move,
I hope, despair, repent—yet still I love :
A thousand jarring thoughts my bosom tear,
For thou, not God, O Eloise ! art there.
To the false world's deluding pleasures dead,
Nor longer by its wand'ring fires misled,
In learn'd disputes harsh precepts I refuse,
And give the counsel I want pow'r to use.
The rigid maxims of the grave and wise
Have quench'd each milder sparkle of my eyes ;
Each lovely feature of this once-lov'd face,
By grief revers'd, assumes a sterner grace.
O Eloisa ! should the fates once more
Indulgent to my view thy charms restore,
How from my arms wouldst thou with horror start,
To miss the form familiar to thy heart !
Nought could thy quick, thy piercing judgment see,
To speak me Abelard—but love to thee.
Lean abstinence, pale grief, and haggard care,
The dire attendants of forlorn despair,
Have Abelard, the young, the gay, remov'd,
And in the hermit sunk the man you lov'd.
Wrapt in the gloom these holy mansions shed,
The thorny paths of penitence I tread ;
Lost to the world, from all its int'rests free,
And torn from all my soul held dear in thee,
Ambition with its train of frailties gone,
All loves and forms forgot—but thine alone,
Amid the blaze of day, the dusk of night,
My Eloisa rises to my sight ;

Veil'd as in Paraclete's secluded tow'rs,
The wretched mourner counts the lagging hours ;
I hear her sighs, see the swift-falling tears,
Weep all her griefs, and pant with all her cares.
O vows ! O convent ! your stern force impart,
And frown the melting phantom from my heart ;
Let other sighs a worthier sorrow show,
Let other tears from sin repentant flow !
Low to the earth my guilty eyes I roll,
And humble to the dust my heaving soul.
Forgiving Pow'r ! thy gracious call I meet,
Who first impower'd this rebel heart to beat ;
Who thro' this trembling, this offending frame,
For nobler ends inspir'd life's active flame.
O change the temper of this lab'ring breast,
And form anew each beating pulse to rest !
Let springing grace, fair faith, and hope remove
The fatal traces of destructive love !
Destructive love from his warm mansions tear,
And leave no traits of Eloisa there !

Are these the wishes of my inmost soul ?
Would I its soft, its tend'rest sense controul ?
Would I, thus touch'd, this glowing heart refine
To the cold substance of this marble shrine ?
Transform'd like these pale swarms, that round me
move,
Of blest insensibles, who know no love ?
Ah, rather let me keep this hapless flame !
Adieu ! false honour, unavailing fame !
Not your harsh rules, but tender love supplies
The streams that gush from my despairing eyes ;

I feel

I feel the traitor melt about my heart,
And thro' my veins with treach'rous influence dart :
Inspire me, Heav'n ! assist me grace divine,
Aid me, ye saints ! unknown to pains like mine ;
You who on earth serene all griefs could prove,
All but the tort'ring pangs of hopeless love ;
A holier rage in your pure bosoms dwelt,
Nor can you pity what you never felt :
A sympathising grief alone can lure ;
The hand that heals, must feel what I endure :
Thou, Eloise, alone canst give me ease,
And bid my struggling soul subside to peace ;
Restore me to my long-lost heav'n of rest,
And take thyself from my reluctant breast :
If crimes like mine could an allay receive,
That blest allay thy wondrous charms might give.
Thy form, that first to love my heart inclin'd,
Still wanders in my lost, my guilty mind.
I saw thee as the new-blown blossoms fair,
Sprightly as light, more soft than summer's air ;
Bright as their beams thy eyes a mind disclose,
Whilst on thy lips gay blush'd the fragrant rose ;
Wit, youth, and love in each dear feature shone ;
Prest by my fate, I gaz'd—and was undone.

There died the gen'rous fire, whose vig'rous flame
Enlarg'd my soul, and urg'd me on to fame ;
Nor fame, nor wealth, my soften'd heart could move,
Dully insensible to all but love.
Snatch'd from myself, my learning tasteless grew ;
Vain my philosophy, oppos'd to you :
A train of woes succeed ; nor should we mourn
The hours that cannot, ought not to return.

As once to love I sway'd your yielding mind,
 Too fond, alas ! too fatally inclin'd,
 To virtue now let me your breast inspire,
 And fan with zeal divine the heav'nly fire ;
 Teach you to injur'd Heav'n all-chang'd to turn,
 And bid the soul with sacred rapture burn.
 O that my own example might impart
 This noble warmth to your soft trembling heart !
 That mine, with pious undissembled care,
 Could aid the latent virtue struggling there !

Alas ! I rave—nor grace, nor zeal divine,
 Burn in a heart oppress'd with crimes like mine ;
 Too sure I find, while I the tortures prove
 Of feeble piety conflicting love,
 On black despair my forc'd devotion's built ;
 Absence for me has sharper pangs than guilt.
 Yet, yet, my Eloise ! thy charms I view ;
 Yet my sighs breathe, my tears pour forth, for you :
 Each weak resistance stronger knits my chain ;
 I sigh, weep, love, despair, repent—in vain.
 Haste, Eloisa, haste, your lover free ;
 Amidst your warmest pray'r, O think on me !
 Wing with your rising zeal my grov'ling mind,
 And let me mine from your repentance find.
 Ah ! labour, strive—your love, yourself controul ;
 The change will sure affect my kindred soul ;
 In blest consent our purer sighs shall breathe,
 And Heav'n assisting shall our crimes forgive.
 But if unhappy, wretched, lost, in vain,
 Faintly th' unequal combat you sustain ;
 If not to Heav'n you feel your bosom rise,
 Nor tears refin'd fall contrite from your eyes ;

If still your heart its wonted passions move ;
 If still, to speak all pains in one—you love ;
 Deaf to the weak essays of living breath,
 Attend the stronger eloquence of death.
 When that kind pow'r this captive soul shall free,
 Which only then can cease to doat on thee ;
 When, gently sunk to my eternal sleep,
 The Paraclete my peaceful urn shall keep ;
 Then, Eloisa, then your lover view,
 See his quench'd eyes no longer gaze on you,
 From their dead orbs that tender utt'rance flown,
 Which first to thine my heart's soft fate made known ;
 This breast no more, at length to ease consign'd,
 Pant like the waving aspen in the wind ;
 See all my wild, tumultuous passion o'er,
 And thou, amazing change ! belov'd no more—
 Behold the destin'd end of human love !
 But let the sight your zeal alone improve ;
 Let not your conscious soul, to sorrow mov'd,
 Recal how much, how tenderly I lov'd :
 With pious care your fruitless griefs restrain,
 Nor let a tear your sacred veil profane :
 Not ev'n a sigh on my cold urn bestow,
 But let your breast with new-born raptures glow ;
 Let love divine frail mortal love dethrone,
 And to your mind immortal joys make known ;
 Let Heav'n relenting strike your ravish'd view,
 And still the bright, the blest pursuit renew !
 So with your crimes shall your misfortunes cease,
 And your rack'd soul be calmly hush'd to peace.

ABELARD TO ELOISA.

BY MR. CAWTHORNE.

AH, why this boding start, this sudden pain,
That wings my pulse, and shoots from vein to
vein?

What mean, regardless of yon midnight bell,
These earth-born visions saddening o'er my cell?
What strange disorder prompts these thoughts to
glow,

These sighs to murmur, and these tears to flow?

'Tis she, 'tis Eloisa's form restor'd,

Once a pure faint, and more than saints ador'd :

She comes in all her killing charms confess,

Glares thro' the gloom, and pours upon my breast;

Bids Heav'n's bright guard from Paraclete remove,

And drags me back to misery and love.

Enjoy thy triumphs, dear illusion ! see

This sad apostate from his God to thee ;

See, at thy call, my guilty warmths return,

Flame thro' my blood, and steal me from my urn.

Yet, yet, frail Abelard ! one effort try,

Ere the last lingering spark of virtue die :

The deadly charming sorceress controul,

And spite of nature tear her from thy soul.

Long

Long has that soul in these unsocial woods,
Where anguish muses, and where horror broods,
From love's wild visionary wishes stray'd,
And sought to lose thy beauties in the shade :
Faith dropt a smile, devotion lent her fire,
Woke the keen pang, and sanctified desire ;
Led me enraptur'd to the blest abode,
And taught my heart to glow with all its God.
But oh, how weak fair faith and virtue prove,
When Eloisa melts away in love !
When her fond soul, impassion'd, rapt, unveil'd,
No joy forgotten, and no wish conceal'd,
Flows thro' her pen as infant softness free,
And fiercely springs in ecstasies to me !
Ye heavens ! as walking in yon sacred fane,
With every seraph warm in every vein,
Just as remorse had rous'd an aking sigh,
And my torn soul hung trembling in my eye,
In that kind hour thy fatal letter came ;
I saw, I gaz'd, I shiver'd at the name ;
The conscious lamps at once forgot to shine,
Prophetic tremors shook the hallow'd shrine ;
Priests, censers, altars from thy genius fled,
And Heav'n itself shut on me while I read.

Dear smiling mischief ! art thou still the same,
The still pale victim of too soft a flame ?
Warm as when first with more than mortal shine
Each melting eye-ball mix'd thy soul with mine ?
Have not thy tears, for ever taught to flow,
The glooms of absence, and the pangs of woe,
The pomp of sacrifice, the whisper'd tale,
The dreadful vow yet hovering o'er thy veil—

Drove this bewitching fondness from thy breast,
 Curb'd the loose wish, and form'd each pulse to rest?
 And canst thou still, still bend the suppliant knee
 To love's dread shrine, and weep and sigh for me?
 Then take me, take me, lock me in thy arms,
 Spring to my lips, and give me all thy charms!
 No—fly me, fly me! spread th' impatient sail,
 Steal the lark's wing, and mount the swiftest gale;
 Skim the last ocean, freeze beneath the pole;
 Renounce me, curse me, root me from thy soul!
 Fly! fly! for justice bares the arm of God,
 And the grasp'd vengeance only waits his nod.

Are these my wishes? can they thus aspire?
 Does phrenzy form them, or does grace inspire?
 Can Abelard, in hurricanes of zeal,
 Betray his heart, and teach thee not to feel?
 Teach thy enamour'd spirit to disown
 Each human warmth, and chill thee into stone?
 Ah, rather let my tenderest accents move
 The last wild tumults of unholy love!
 On that dear bosom trembling let me lie,
 Pour out my soul, and in fierce raptures die;
 Rouse all my passions, act my joys anew;
 Farewel, ye cells! ye martyr'd saints, adieu!
 Sleep, conscience, sleep! each awful thought be
 drown'd,

And sevenfold darkness veil the scene around!

What means this pause, this agonizing start?
 This glimpse of Heav'n quick rushing thro' my heart?
 Methinks I see a radiant cross display'd,
 A wounded Saviour bleeds along the shade;

Around

Around th' expiring God bright angels fly,
Swell the loud hymn, and open all the sky :
O save me, save me, ere the thunders roll,
And hell's black caverns swallow up my soul.

Return, ye hours ! when guiltless of a stain,
My strong-plum'd genius throbb'd in every vein ;
When, warm'd with all th' Ægyptian fanes inspir'd,
All Athens boasted, and all Rome admir'd,
My merit in its full meridian shone,
Each rival blushing, and each heart my own.
Return, ye scenes !—ah no ! from fancy fly
On time's stretch'd wing, till each idea die ;—
Eternal fly, since all that learning gave
(Too weak to conquer, and too fond to save)
'To love's soft empire ev'ry wish betray'd,
And left my laurels withering in the shade.
Let me forget, that while deceitful fame
Grasp'd her shrill trump, and fill'd it with my name,
Thy stronger charms, impower'd by Heav'n to move
Each faint, each blest insensible, to love,
At once my soul from bright ambition won ;
I hugg'd the dart, I wish'd to be undone !
No more pale science durst my thoughts engage,
Insipid dulness hung on every page ;
The midnight lamp no more enjoy'd its blaze,
No more my spirit flew from maze to maze :
Thy glances bade philosophy resign
Her throne to thee, and every sense was thine.

But what could all the frosts of wisdom do,
Oppos'd to beauty, when it melts in you ?
Since these dark, cheerless, solitary caves,
Death-breathing woods, and daily-opening graves ;
Mis-shapen

Mis-shapen rocks, wild images of woe,
 For ever howling to the deeps below ;
 Ungenial deserts, where no vernal show'r
 Wakes the green herb, or paints th' unfolding flow'r ;
 Th' imbrowning glooms these holy mansions shed,
 The night-born horrors brooding o'er my bed,
 The dismal scenes black melancholy pours
 O'er the sad visions of enanguish'd hours ;
 Lean abstinence, wan grief, low-thoughted care,
 Distracting guilt, and hell's worst fiend, despair—
 Conspire, in vain, with all the aids of art,
 To blot thy dear idea from my heart.

Delusive, sightless god of warm desire !
 Why wouldst thou wish to set a wretch on fire ?
 Why lives thy soft divinity where woe
 Heaves the pale sigh, and anguish loves to glow ?
 Fly to the mead, the daisy-painted vale,
 Breathe in its sweets, and melt along the gale ;
 Fly where gay scenes luxurious youths employ,
 Where every moment steals the wing of joy ;
 There may'st thou see, low prostrate at thy throne,
 Devoted slaves and victims all thy own :
 Each village-swain the turf-built shrine shall raise,
 And kings command whole hecatombs to blaze.

O memory ! ingenious to revive
 Each fleeting hour, and teach the past to live,
 Witness what conflicts this frail bosom tore !
 What griefs I suffer'd, and what pangs I bore !
 How long I struggled, labour'd, strove to save
 A heart that panted to be still a slave !—
 When youth, warmth, rapture, spirit, love, and flame
 Seiz'd every sense, and burnt thro' all my frame ;

From

From youth, warmth, rapture, to these wilds I fled,
My food the herbage, and the rock my bed.
There, while these venerable cloisters rise
O'er the bleak surge, and gain upon the skies,
My wounded soul indulg'd the tear to flow
O'er all her sad vicissitudes of woe;
Profuse of life, and yet afraid to die,
Guilt in my heart, and horror in my eye,
With ceaseless pray'rs, the whole artillery giv'n
To win the mercies of offended Heav'n,
Each hill, made vocal, echo'd all around,
While my torn breast knock'd bleeding on the ground.
Yet, yet, alas! tho' all my moments fly
Stain'd by a tear, and darken'd in a sigh;
Tho' meagre fasts have on my cheek display'd
The dusk of death, and sunk me to a shade;
Spite of myself, the still-impoisoning dart
Shoots thro' my blood, and drinks up all my heart:
My vows and wishes widely disagree,
And grace itself mistakes my God for thee.

Athwart the glooms that wrap the midnight sky,
My Eloisa steals upon my eye;
For ever rises in the solar ray,
A phantom brighter than the blaze of day:
Where'er I go, the visionary guest
Pants on my lip, or sinks upon my breast;
Unfolds her sweets, and throbbing to destroy,
Winds round my heart in luxury of joy.
While loud hosannas shake the shrines around,
I hear her softer accents in the sound;
Her idol-beauties on each altar glare,
And Heav'n, much-injur'd, has but half my prayer:
No

No tears can drive her hence, no pangs controul,
For every object brings her to my soul.

Last night, reclining on yon airy steep,
My busy eyes hung brooding o'er the deep ;
The breathless whirlwinds slept in every cave,
And the soft moon-beam danc'd from wave to wave ;
Each former bliss in this bright mirror seen,
With all my glories, dawn'd upon the scene ;
Recall'd the dear auspicious hour anew,
When my fond soul to Eloisa flew ;
When, with keen speechless ecstasies oppress'd,
Thy frantic lover snatch'd thee to his breast,
Gaz'd on thy blushes arm'd with ev'ry grace,
And saw the goddess beaming in thy face ;
Saw thy wild, trembling, ardent wishes move
Each pulse to rapture, and each glance to love.
But lo ! the winds descend, the billows roar,
Foam to the clouds, and burst upon the shore ;
Vast peals of thunder o'er the ocean roll,
The flame-wing'd lightning gleams from pole to pole.
At once the pleasing images withdrew,
And more than horrors crowded on my view ;
Thy uncle's form, in all his ire array'd,
Serenely dreadful stalk'd along the shade :
Pierc'd by his sword, I sunk upon the ground ;
The spectre ghastly smil'd upon the wound :
A group of black infernals round me hung,
And toss'd my infamy from tongue to tongue.

Detested wretch ! how impotent thy age,
How weak thy malice, and how kind thy rage !
Spite of thyself, inhuman as thou art,
Thy murd'ring hand has left me all my heart ;

Left

Left me each tender, fond affection warm,
A nerve to tremble, and an eye to charm.
No, cruel, cruel ! exquisite in ill !
Thou thought'st it dull barbarity to kill ;
My death had robb'd lost vengeance of her toil,
And scarcely warm'd a Scythian to a smile :
Sublimer furies taught thy soul to glow
With all their savage mysteries of woe ;
Taught thy unfeeling poniard to destroy
The pow'rs of nature, and the source of joy ;
To stretch me on the racks of vain desire,
Each passion throbbing, and each wish on fire ;
Mad to enjoy, unable to be blest,
Fiends in my veins, and hell within my breast.

Aid me, fair faith ! assist me, grace divine !
Ye martyrs, bless me ! and ye saints, refine !
Ye sacred groves, ye Heav'n-devoted walls,
Where folly sickens, and where virtue calls ;
Ye vows, ye altars—from this bosom tear
Voluptuous love, and leave no anguish there :
Oblivion, be thy blackest plume display'd
O'er all my griefs, and hide me in the shade !
And thou, too fondly idoliz'd ! attend,
While awful reason whispers in the friend ;
Friend, did I say ? immortals ! what a name !
Can dull, cold friendship own so wild a flame ?
No—let thy lover, whose enkindling eye
Shot all his soul between thee and the sky ;
Whose warmth bewitch'd thee, whose unhallow'd
song
Call'd thy rapt ear to die upon his tongue—

Now

Now strongly rouse, while Heav'n his zeal inspires,
 Diviner transports, and more holy fires ;
 Calm all thy passions, all thy peace restore,
 And teach that snowy breast to heave no more.

Torn from the world, within dark cells immur'd,
 By angels guarded, and by vows secur'd;
 To all that once awoke thy fondness dead,
 And hope, pale sorrow's last sad refuge, fled—
 Why wilt thou weep, and sigh, and melt in vain,
 Brood o'er false joys, and hug th' ideal chain ?
 Say, canst thou wish that, madly wild to fly
 From yon bright portal opening in the sky,
 Thy Abelard should bid his God adieu,
 Pant at thy feet, and taste thy charms anew ?
 Ye Heav'ns ! if to this tender bosom woo'd,
 Thy mere idea harrows up my blood ;
 If one faint glimpse of Eloise can move
 The fiercest, wildest agonies of love—
 What shall I be, when, dazzling as the light,
 Thy whole effulgence flows upon my sight ?
 Look on thyself, consider who thou art,
 And learn to be an abbess in thy heart :
 See, while devotion's ever-melting strain
 Pours the loud organ thro' the trembling fane,
 Yon pious maids each earthly wish disown,
 Kiss the dread cross, and crowd upon the throne :
 O let thy soul the sacred charge attend,
 Their warmths inspirit, and their virtues mend ;
 Teach ev'ry breast from ev'ry hymn to steal
 The seraph's meekness, and the seraph's zeal ;
 To rise to rapture, to dissolve away
 In dreams of Heav'n, and lead thyself the way ;

Till

Till all the glories of the blest abode
Blaze on the scene, and ev'ry thought is God!
While thus thy exemplary cares prevail,
And make each vestal spotless as her veil,
Th' Eternal Spirit o'er thy cell shall move
In the soft image of the mystic dove;
The long-lost gleams of heav'nly comfort bring,
Peace in his smile, and healing on his wing;
At once remove affliction from thy breast,
Melt o'er thy soul, and hush her pangs to rest.

O that my soul, from love's curst bondage free,
Could catch the transports that I urge to thee!
O that some angel's more than magic art
Would kindly tear the hermit from his heart;
Extinguish every guilty sense, and leave
No pulse to riot, and no sigh to heave!
Vain, fruitless wish! Still, still the vigorous flame
Bursts like an earthquake thro' my shatter'd frame.
Spite of the joys that truth and virtue prove,
I feel but thee, and breathe not but to love;
Repent in vain, scarce wish to be forgiv'n;
Thy form my idol, and thy charms my heav'n!

Yet, yet, my fair! thy nobler efforts try,
Lift me from earth, and give me to the sky!
Let my lost soul thy brighter virtues feel,
Warm'd with thy hopes, and wing'd with all thy zeal.
And when, low bending at the hallow'd shrine,
Thy contrite heart shall Abelard resign;
When pitying Heav'n, impatient to forgive,
Unbars the gates of light, and bids thee live—
Seize on th' auspicious moment ere it flee,
And ask the same immortal boon for me.

Then

Then when these black terrific scenes are o'er,
 And rebel nature chills the soul no more ;
 When on thy cheek th' expiring roses fade,
 And thy last lustres darken in the shade ;
 When, arm'd with quick varieties of pain,
 Or creeping dully slow from vein to vein,
 Pale death shall set my kindred spirit free,
 And these dead orbs forget to doat on thee—
 Some pious friend, whose wild affections glow
 Like ours, in sad similitude of woe,
 Shall drop one tender, sympathizing tear,
 Prepare the garland, and adorn the bier ;
 Our lifeless reliques in one tomb enshrine,
 And teach thy genial dust to mix with mine.

Mean while, divinely purg'd from ev'ry stain,
 Our active souls shall climb th' etherial plain ;
 To each bright cherub's purity aspire,
 Catch all his zeal, and pant with all his fire ;
 There, where no face the gloom of anguish wears,
 No uncle murders, and no passion tears,
 Enjoy with Heav'n eternity of rest,
 For ever blessing, and for ever blest !

ABELARD TO ELOISA:

BY AN UNKNOWN HAND.

Flamma extincta relucet.

COLD as I rest in this secluded scene,
 Where ev'ry object is a calm serene,
 Again to thine responsive sorrows rise !
 Tears answers tears, and sighs re-echo sighs !
 Thy pensive numbers raise forbidden fires,
 And warmly wake the past to soft desires ;
 They bring thy image, still ador'd, to view :
 I read, and bid philosophy adieu !
 No more, ill-fated love ! invade my breast,
 Nor change, for discord, philosophic rest.
 From man retir'd, my eyes I lift to God,
 Avow my frailties, kiss th' avenging rod.
 My crime was love ! and still thy tender name
 Revives and feeds my ill-extinguish'd flame.
 Open my soul—there Eloisa dwells—
 From God, from God, my beating heart rebels !
 See ! see ! she mounts to yon celestial plains !
 Ye cherubs, play around your softest strains !
 Around your queen, ye loves and graces, play ;
 Ye guardian spirits, waft each sigh away !
 No human laws e'er damp'd our soft desire ;
 We lov'd, we felt, we fed the tender fire !

Fancy

190 ABELARD to ELOISA.

Fancy recalls the hours of rapture past,
 Too great, too happy, too sublime to last !
 How chang'd the scene !—for in a cloister'd cell,
 Where deep-felt sighs and woes eternal dwell,
 Immur'd, the tender Eloisa sighs,
 The tear for ever flowing from her eyes !
 Those eyes that sparkled with unusual light,
 That lovely form that ever gave delight,
 Is now a lonely victim to despair,
 Her sole companions wretchedness and care !
 No weeping parents lift their tender arms ;
 No mourning brother soothes thy soft alarms ;
 No loving sister charms the sorrowing hour ;
 No friends alleviate, nor no tender pow'r.
 'Tis Abelard, the wretch, the cause of all ;
 From him arose my Eloisa's fall.
 Oh ! had oblivion wrapt my guilty flame,
 No crime had tarnish'd my unsullied name.
 Too late I view the horror of my crime,
 And torture closes on the heel of time :
 Yet when I heard the savage, stern decree,
 'Twas trifling pain to what I felt for thee.
 But, horror ! see my Eloisa led,
 Drooping, supported, pale, and almost dead !
 Bleeding I lay—she starts, and gaz'd around,
 Then fainting fell upon the tender ground.
 No kind assistance find my shrieks, my cries ;
 To ev'ry shriek an answering shriek replies.
 My plaintive eyes to Heav'n I raise in vain,
 My pray'rs but prove as fruitless as my pain.
 There as I lay all languid on the ground,
 An image that humanity disown'd,

How unconcern'd th' assassins smil'd around !
 My blood still flowing on the blushing ground.
 There too my Eloise was lifeless laid,
 A scene to melt barbarity display'd.
 So the poor lamb, when wand'ring far away,
 A tyger's unsuspecting easy prey,
 In vain she bleats her agonizing cries,
 He gripes her fast, and as he smiles she dies.
 Why did not Heav'n its loudest thunders roll,
 And strike the mean barbarian to the soul ?
 Hold, hold, my heart ! — ah ! think 'twas Heav'n's
 decree ;
 Should Heav'n have chang'd its high awards for
 thee ?

I charge thee, Eloise, dispel thy tears,
 Smile on the past, and chase your tender fears :
 An hour may come when I shall view those charms,
 And once again may clasp thee in my arms.
 A thought, alas ! embitters still my mind :
 Ah cruel deed ! — for wilt thou then be kind ?
 I can no more with love's warm transports haste,
 Melt in thy arms, and clasp thy yielding waist.
 Perhaps some youth, whom nature deigns to grace
 With lively wit, and elegance of face,
 May chase sad Abelard's neglected frame,
 Doom'd, doom'd to wander in eternal shame !

Forgive the ravings of a mind distressed,
 Forgive the transport of a feeling breast !
 I need not ask it, 'tis already giv'n ;
 She smiles my pardon, and her smile is Heav'n !
 When fancy roves on joys that now are fled,
 And raptur'd bliss that is for ever dead,

Think

Think of it as a visionary dream,
Where things deceiving are not what they seem.

Farewel, my Eloise! thy load sustain;
Pray to thy God, nor Abelard disdain;
Tho' banish'd, think he loves thee more and more;
Keep his idea, yet thy God adore!

Then may some bard, in pity to our woe,
Feel in his breast a soft compassion glow;
May thus inscribe our solitary tomb—

"In this cold marble, snatch'd by early doom,

"Here ABELARD and ELOISA rest:

"They die united, tho' they liv'd distressed."

ABELARD to ELOISA.

BY MR. SAMUEL BIRCH.

LOST Abeldard thus greets his widow'd wife,
Her, next ador'd to Him who gave us life.

* * * * *

Could I have thought, when not design'd for you,
That tale our mutual suff'ring would renew,
(Wherein I fondly strove my own to blend,
To mitigate the mis'ry of a friend)
Such pointed anguish had not mark'd each line,
Nor wak'd thy sorrow by repeating mine :
Careless I wrote, in heart-felt colours drew
Balm to my friend, but almost death to you.
May this my last thy wand'ring thoughts compose,
And point that heav'n, repentance only knows !
When first affliction gain'd such baneful pow'r,
And rage and shame succeeded ev'ry hour ;
When from our sight prosperity withdrew,
And with her ev'ry earthly comfort flew :
I sought asylum, urg'd by dire disgrace,
And hop'd it most in this sequester'd place ;
Sought by religion to suppress the flame,
Which mock'd my manhood, and increas'd my shame ;
Hop'd to extirpate each familiar pain,
Reflection oft' embitter'd o'er again ;
Firmly resolv'd, transported with my fate,
Not to forget alone, but e'en to hate.

K

Alas !

Alas ! how fleeting such attempts, and vain,
With more than usual heat I blaze again !
Sharp through my brain each past enjoyment flies,
And mem'ry yields, what impotence denies.
Ah ! what avails it ? though of means bereft,
To feed the flame, the soft idea's left :
Officious silence, which should soothe my care,
But aids reflection, and admits despair.
From thee, as from a foe, I quick remove ;
How soon that name is soften'd into love !
Alas ! how soon our solemn vows decay,
Should aught, but Heav'n, our wav'ring minds betray !
But very rare, in convents you will find,
That sacred walls can sanctify the mind ;
Or that the soul, unshaken in its pray'r,
Makes God and God alone its idol there.
Fear it, my Eloisa, fear my love,
To blast with earthly joys thy joys above ;
Nor seek, assuming sweet religion's name,
To veil the deed, and sanctify the shame.
Oh ! that I once had felt this pow'r divine,
And with that knowledge had enlighten'd thine
How happy then ! but other fates deny'd
To justify thee, as my virtuous bride.
I saw, and lov'd ; with transport I survey'd
The guiltless trust, and afterwards betray'd :
Pour'd pois'nous doctrine in your greedy ear,
And ruin'd what (by Heav'n) I held most dear ;
Explor'd the sweet recesses of your mind,
Nor saw, that love was lurking close behind :
That ruling passion over all prevail'd,
And triumph'd most, where most my precepts fail'd.

Such

Such was our fate, by various tempests tost,
When you your virtue, I my freedom lost.

All-pitying Heav'n ! when will distraction cease ?
Will neither tears nor fasts procure me peace ?
Behold, how prostrate here in dust I lie,
And on repentance cast thy gracious eye !
Alas ! in vain ; for I but feign to grieve,
Which may mankind, but cannot Heav'n, deceive :
No outward sanctity can grace obtain,
While thoughts within the solemn form profane.
When in the choir, where heav'nly hymns unite,
To fill th' enraptur'd soul with pure delight ;
Where list'ning angels catch the pleasing sound,
And virgins' tears bedew the hallow'd ground ;
Approving conscience gladdens all but me,
My absent heart still whisp'ring nought but thee.
Oh ! that the means were easy as the will,
How would I fly, each cov'nant to fulfil !
Or that with thee my passion would remove,
And absence be the sepulchre of love !
When love appears, all other thoughts decay,
As spectres vanish at approach of day.
Spare, Elois', ah ! spare thy eloquence,
Nor with reproof awake my keenest sense :
Name not, bright saint, thy constancy again,
That cause of so much pleasure, so much pain :
Too just are all thy heav'nly charms pourtray'd,
Too oft' reproach my guilt, without thy aid :
Thy boundless gifts are rooted in my breast,
Thy virgin favour deeper than the rest.

How blest the youth, whose soul composure **knows**,
Nor melts with wishes, nor with rapture glows !

196 ABELARD to ELOISA.

Kindling no passion, is not passion's slave,
 Whose great dependence lies beyond the grave:
 Content seeks shelter in his peaceful breast,
 Such sure (if aught below can be) is blest:
 But doubly curst, who, seeking love's soft fires,
 In endless pangs of jealousy expires.
 What art thou, love? what art, beyond a name?
 Deceitful passion! visionary flame!
 Which, save some transient joys, by Heav'n art sent,
 Beneath the name of bliss, as punishment.
 Nor fame, nor honour, lur'd my pliant soul,
 But 'twas thy wond'rous beauty caught the whole;
 That air divine, majestic ease and grace,
 Those earthly stars that dazzle on thy face,
 That sweet discourse, which my attentive ear,
 Tho' once heard fatal, list'ning still would hear.
 Such were thy charms, not one alone, but all,
 Could I but yield, when these adorn'd my fall?

No more, my Eloisa, we'll despair,
 But make our only hope, our only care:
 Let us the world, its foibles, all disclaim,
 And no more know mankind, but by the name.
 Swift let us fly, our comfort to redeem,
 While Providence permits an op'ning gleam.
 O might our hearts this blest composure keep,
 Not for their sorrows, but their sins to weep;
 I might, indeed, with joy desire to dwell
 Within those walls, my soul must love so well:
 Form'd by my hand, and foster'd by my care,
 Whose humble shrines no splendid off'rings bear,
 But thro' the simple-structur'd arch is heard,
 The solemn pray'r by penitence preferr'd,

And

And strains seraphic from the altar rise,
Meek, unadorn'd, the soul's pure sacrifice !
Together we would tread the rugged road,
Without one sigh, but what arose to God ;
My virgin flock should learn their woes to bear,
My precept soothe them, and my presence share,
Nor check a passion, nor a toil pursue,
But what they saw their sorrowing pastor do.
Thus calm, no orison in vain could plead,
But blessings follow ev'ry pious bead ;
'Till worn at last, and many a struggle o'er,
Our kindred spirits would offend no more :
Our dust repose, from fruitless anguish freed,
And Paraclete be all the tomb we need.
But whither will my fever'd fancy roam ?
Alas ! I dare not leave my stated home——
We dare not meet ;—thy half-extinguish'd fire
Would flame impetuous with renew'd desire ;
The dawn of peace, and each diviner joy,
The mad'ning tumult would at once destroy !
Shall we suppress religion in its dawn ?
Pluck off its rose, and only leave the thorn ?
Or obstinately crush the infant root,
And blight the blossom, ere we know the fruit ?
Still blind, persist in sins, when unforgiv'n ?
Renounce our vows, when register'd in heav'n ?
Shall I so soon forsake this last abode ?
If so—ah ! teach me how I can avoid
The following vengeance of an injur'd God !
Let me conjure thee, by our dearest ties,
Our future hopes, our common miseries !

Oh ! suffer me to fly impending fate,
And seek for shelter, ere I seek too late.
Thy greatest love will be, thy love to cease,
My mem'ry, vows, and all of mine release :
For now I fear no rival's urgent claim,
But God, that awful witness of my shame.
With secret transport I your charms resign ;
With equal joy you catch the flame divine :
'Twill soon repay each glorious struggle here,
The bliss as certain, as the vow's sincere.
Then antedate that transport of the soul,
Oh eager haste to reach the sacred goal ;
Surrounding seraphs shall with joy convey
A charge more bright, more lovely far than they.
But mark the solemn contract it requires,
Which Heav'n demands, and piety inspires.
It is, that Abelard (O painful debt !)
Must Eloisa and her charms forget :
No less ; that Eloisa must reprove
All busy symptoms of returning love :
Nay more ; suppress all inward sense, that gives
Forgotten Abelard, or hints he lives.
He lives !—tho' scarcely it deserves that name,
He lives !—but to excite a purer flame !
For could'st thou but behold my alter'd state,
How would thy unavailing sense abate,
Each varied feature new sensations move,
Enflame devotion, and extinguish love !
With what prevailing eloquence would speak
My wasted image, and my woe-worn cheek !
These eyes, which slowly to consume their sight,
Weep thro' the day, and watch the wasting night,
And

And on the cross their feeble lustre shed,
Sunk in the caverns which their grief has made,
Would teach thee, what my ashes soon must do,
If yet these fail thy passion to subdue.
When borne to Paraclete for hallow'd rest,
(For so determin'd is my last request)
As trembling you my sepulchre survey,
Adown thy cheek some pious drops shall stray;
Convinc'd by that late spectacle of woe,
How vain all passion is for joys below!
Oh, slight it not, but view the trembling thread,
That holds destruction doubtful o'er our head:
Most certain is it, we must now adore
Him, who neglected, thinks of us no more;
Treat with neglect what lately we ador'd,
And dawning grace inspire each thought and word;
Ere we can gain the paradise in view,
Or ere expect salvation will ensue.

My doubtful frailty I will now confess,
And paint each desp'rate effort of distress.
Lost as I was to nature's noblest plan;
At best, a mere apology for man:
Scarce suffer'd love's ecstatic joys to know,
Ere forc'd the dear-bought pleasure to forego;
The common bliss, the meanest worm enjoy'd,
Stopt in its course, and in its spring destroy'd:
What could I do, consum'd in fruitless fires,
My pow'r less perfect, stronger my desires?
In haste I strove, at least, to hide thy charms,
And tempt thee blooming to religion's arms:
Within a convent chafly to retire,
To stop the doubts of restless, vain desire:

Lest some successful rival should partake
 What dire revenge oblig'd me to forsake.
 Heav'n! with what ease thy swift consent I stole;
 With soft persuasion won thy yielding soul!
 But while thy bliss my sole concern appear'd,
 'Twas but thy infidelity I fear'd:
 Forgive, my Elois', forgive that fear,
 The offspring of affection and despair.
 Could I have seen that perfect work of Heav'n
 To some warm youth's prevailing wishes giv'n;
 Seen him, in ecstasy, possess thy charms,
 And sink securely in thy folding arms;
 Whilst I, mere shadow of man's rightful claim,
 In all deficient, though in form the same,
 A prey to jealousy, condemn'd to sigh,
 And e'en refus'd the privilege to die,
 Rapture had imagin'd in its first degree,
 Now long since flown from Eloise and me;
 While fancy wander'd each delusion o'er,
 Which charm'd me once, but now will charm no
 more?
 Such thoughts too fiercely ran through ev'ry vein,
 That danger past, I brave all other pain.
 Thy veil more lasting happiness affords,
 Than all the prov'd uncertainty of words:
 Beneath that shelter safe ideas rove,
 Excluding all untimely thoughts of love.
 With kindness, oft' you'd listen to my pray'rs,
 Kindness, which could but speak with gath'ring tears:
 Oft', half complying with my urg'd request,
 Reply, my fav'rite convent was the best:

The

The more I press'd, more beauteous far you grew,
 Nor dar'd I mention, what I found too true :
 All means alike, embrac'd without delay,
 By night my study, and pursuit by day :
 No task too small, that seem'd to aid my cause,
 And none so great to give a moment's pause :
 E'en bribes (excuse my blushes now) prevail'd,
 Where ev'ry less successful motive fail'd ;
 'Twas gold thy sister's real thoughts conceal'd,
 Whose well-seign'd happiness taught thee to yield.
 Hail ! sacred walls, that Elois' contain !
 Hail ! dreary mansion, form'd to soften pain !
 Oh ! what repose in thee suspicion finds,
 Effectual antidote of doubtful minds !
 Long may religion hold her empire there,
 And virtue guard thee, its peculiar care !
 'Twas I that led thee to the hallow'd shrine,
 Saw you embrace, and kiss the cloth divine ;
 Heard thy sweet trembling voice distinctly swear
 To fly mankind, and close your sorrows there :
 Then on the holy cross you fix'd your eyes,
 A doubtful, loving, willing sacrifice.
 Confirm that vow, and force thy tardy will,
 Which still neglected, will be fatal still.

Hard is the task, I own, t' exclude entire,
 Nor leave one spark of such a mighty fire :
 Yet not so hard, but pray'rs may soon obtain,
 Pray'rs-built on faith, else pray'rs themselves are vain.
 You call me Master ; oh ! forbear that name,
 For what I injur'd once, I cannot claim :
 Call me not Father, that my guilt may hide
 A term too horrid, that of Parricide.

Why by a Brother's name our fortunes join,
 When but my crimes alone resemble thine?
 Am I your Husband? There indeed I'm curst,
 Since fate and fame have join'd t' inflict their worst:
 Since then those sacred titles you have wrong'd,
 To honour me, to whom they ne'er belong'd,
 Oh! blot them out, and for the guilt atone,
 Display forth characters indeed my own;
 Paint murder, rapine, all you can invent,
 And point out me, each vice to represent.

Hark! for methinks I hear an angel's voice
 Intreat your care, nor murmur at the choice;
 When words like these salute your op'ning ear,
 Are you not ravish'd with a sound so dear?
 When Heav'n enjoins, can Elois' forsake?
 Or doubt its promise, when her all's at stake?
 Slight not its love, more pure than falling snow,
 Nor lose the shadow of a thought below,
 Lest your torn breast relent in vain, and prove
 How fierce that anger is, which once was love.

When the last trump shall wake the gen'ral dead,
 And justice shake her balance o'er your head;
 When Heav'n's great Judge shall take his awful seat,
 And all arraign'd stand trembling at his feet;
 When e'en the best shall doubtful wait the nod,
 And guilt appall'd start at th' approach of God;
 What can you plead, who have his grace denied?
 His—who for your complete salvation died?
 How will you shudder at this just decree,
 "Depart, ye cursed, far depart from me!
 Who, when I strove t' obstruct your fatal way,
 Despis'd my doctrine, and went more astray;

Since

Since then my precepts could no ear obtain,
Your griefs I hear not, and your pray'rs are vain:
In endless torments be your pride o'ercome,
Unalterably fixt your everlasting doom!"

Oh! think how glorious 'tis to brave distress,
And, spite of dangers, dare at happiness:
Still more, how much more glorious to succeed,
When woes unnumber'd magnify the deed!
Let sweet content your recent life endear,
Welcome the scene, familiarize the sphere;
The cross of Christ embrace with dear delight,
"Whose yoke is easy, and whose burden light;"
Nor think our sufferings are his wrath's decree,
But view his mercy in our misery;
'Twill soon be clos'd, life's mockery decay,
And death unbar the gates of endless day.
Then, while above in ecstasy we gaze
On our Redeemer, and record his praise,
Supremely taste of joys unknown before,
And gather transports, that will fade no more;
Our new-born souls, o'erwhelm'd with bliss, shall be
Plung'd in the maze of vast eternity.

Oh! farewell, Eloise—no more but this;
Preserve the relics of my last advice;
May Heav'n permit, as once my love could guide,
With like success my zeal may now preside!
By my example, be my precepts fir'd,
With ardor glow, with energy inspir'd!
Should an unguarded thought (which Heav'n fore-
fend!)
Dart 'cross conversion, and awhile suspend:

Think on me now, as brooding o'er my woes,
And worn in pray'rs this-hated life to close.
Oh! gaze not back on far-flown fatal youth,
But charm'd with trust in this experienc'd truth—
That hope in future life reflects more solid bliss,
Than e'en the keenest pleasures yield, possess, in this.

ABELARD

ABELARD to ELOISA:

BY MR. SEYMOUR.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1777.

*Qualis populeâ mœrens philomela sub umbrâ
 Amissos queritur fœtus, quos durus arator
 Observans, nido implumes detraxit; at illa
 Flet noctem, ramoque sedens miserabile carmen
 Integrat, et mœstis latè loca questibus implet.* VIRG.

NO, Eloisa, let each cell declare,
 Where oft I bend in agonizing pray'r,
 If cold my blood, my pulse inactive grown,
 I am indeed allied to lifeless stone.
 Yet, were all sense of am'rous joy suppress'd,
 Did memory no fading trace suggest,
 Sighs with such passion breath'd, and words of fire,
 Might warm the coldest with unchaste desire.
 Dearer than sister! can I think of thee,
 From tumult, rapture, and distraction free?
 I view thee still in all thy virgin charms,
 Fair as when first I won thee to my arms;
 Again I view thee to a convent hurl'd,
 Cut off from me, and shut from all the world;
 Then I recall that fatal scene of night—
 But what you know too well, why should I write?
I thought

I thought indeed, within these solemn rounds,
 Where the walls echo with religious sounds,
 With piety the sinner's self might glow,
 And learn to scorn the love of aught below.
 My wayward heart how partially I knew,
 And the dire tyranny that lovers rue !
 When the keen lightning of a charming eye,
 Draws from the soul the deep-impassion'd sigh.
 Yet what inconstancy the world displays !
 Arm'd with keen perjury man delighted strays.
 E'en those are fickle in the first degree,
 Who, but in that, too much resemble me :
 But as I often swore, so now I find,
 No common bias sways my constant mind.
 Not volumes where each heav'nly cure is found,
 Supply the balm to mitigate my wound.
 Nor penitential tears, nor fasts controul
 The frantic ardor of my erring soul.

Am I, the wretch who with insidious art
 Allur'd you first from virtue to depart,
 Am I invited penitents to teach,
 And what my practice disavow'd to preach ?
 My practice then, and my temptations now,
 War in wild combat with a vestal's vow.
 Ah ! no, too skilful once in am'rous fraud,
 My tongue but feebly pleads the cause of God ;
 For, while I point to realms of endless light,
 I sigh for earth, and downward bend my sight.
 But my fair sophist Eloisa means
 (Retorting arms I lent) to guilty scenes
 My soul again with fury to impel,
 And kindle all the subtle fire of hell.

Pardon,

Pardon, thus rudely that thy name I treat,
 Lovelier than light ! than music's self more sweet !
 Which never should be mention'd but with joy,
 And holy lutes of angels might employ.

Could Eloisa now that face survey,
 Where mirth in triumph shone for ever gay ;
 How would she start from the disgustful shade
 Of Abelard, in horrid vests array'd !
 No sparkles from his eyes emit the soul,
 But down my ghastly cheeks dire sorrows roll.
 Now sacrilegious ev'ry softer care,
 I count my matin beads and freeze at pray'r.
 The awful Judge I see, my sentence hear,
 Condemn'd to scenes that hope must never cheer,
 Where fiery darkness, grief that hardens, reign,
 And wretches loath an adamant chain.
 Still deeper plung'd in woe they rush away,
 Down, down, ten thousand fathoms from the day,
 Ten thousand thousand more, till rack'd they lie,
 Beyond the trembling search of fancy's eye.
 Forbear to love what should provoke your rage,
 Think of my coldness, treachery, and age.
 Insatiate sparks of ever young desire,
 An object vast and durable require.
 Love God ; he is—who what he is can speak,
 With whom compar'd all nature's pow'r is weak ?
 Could the sight pierce this dome of azure skies,
 Which hides his lustre from our mortal eyes,
 The height of beauty must deform'd appear,
 And folly all that we stile wisdom here.
 Forbear the hallow'd strain of friend and fire,
 To the base captive of impure desire ;

Deem

Deem not so dire a wretch of human kind,
But view without the veil a demon's mind.
I shut you from the world with envious pain,
Thus in my piety I prov'd prophane.
Brother and husband will you call the foe,
That in your bosom fix'd the thorn of woe?
Why should I read such tender names from you?
Th' assassin of your youth, or worse, my due.
To God I gave you when you took the veil,
Nor fear'd a rival, though I thought you frail;
For who dares violate the sacred dome,
Where abstinence and pray'r have fixt their home?
Your husband God, no jealousy is mine;
To a celestial rival I resign.

Serenely then prolong your blameless days;
With meek-eyed charity sing hymns of praise.

Ah! Abelard, should this induce belief,
Your eyes would stream with swifter rills of grief.
Did you resolve to write, with pious zeal,
To quench her love, and your exilement seal?
No, not to Heav'n itself I can resign,
On earth at least she shall be wholly mine;
Nor floods, nor fire, nor force of kindred foes,
When she invites, the charmer should oppose:
To my deserted mourning love I'll fly,
Press her warm heart, and on her kisses die.
Sever'd an age, the thought once more to meet,
Once more our old endearments to repeat,
Inspires with hatred to restraining walls,
My vow dissolves, and all the man recalls.
Brisk tides of joy rush through my throbbing veins,
And my heart dances to unusual strains.

Oh!

Oh! I could gaze for ever on her eyes,
Thence quaff delicious amorous supplies
Into my soul; till speech in vain would show
The mighty transports that my breast o'erflow;
Till left the wish that riots void of rein,
To sighs and looks and blushes to explain.
Yet looks and sighs but half express a flame;
Such wond'rous beauty something more might claim.

Though who that e'er had known the fears and
pains,

Disgusts and dangers, doubts, delays, disdains,
Which always wait upon thy service, love,
Beneath thy banners would a champion move?
Henceforth then let us banish from our breast
Visions of pleasure, enemies to rest,
Tumultuous oceans where the soul is tost,
Till reason yield the helm, and virtue's lost.
O grace ineffable! O faith sublime!
Unlimited in space, uncheck'd by time,
Ye gloriously ascend in bold career,
Beyond the bound'ries of this narrow sphere;
With rapture viewing heav'n's immortal King,
The best of benefits to man ye bring;
A bliss sincere, which nothing can destroy,
Which angels in triumphant light enjoy;
Winter it smooths, makes summer lovelier glow,
And paradise unfading plants below.

What blessings on the humble abbot wait!
Above proud monarchs in their anxious state,
He leaves a world that sings self-flatt'ring songs,
Whose smiles are snares, whose benefits are wrongs;

To

To hold with God, among the first-born race,
Perpetual intercourse of praise and grace.
Doubt solves her veil, and zeal her lamp supplies,
At joys immortal sparkling in his eyes;
Welcome as morning to the wand'rer's sight,
More pure than silver streams of lunar light.
With holy pray'r heav'n's portals he unbars,
And ever watches, like th' unwearied stars.
Alms are his hoard, from moth and rust secure,
His brethren are the faithful and the poor.
His soul imbibes simplicity's mild ray,
Direct effulgence from eternal day!
He fathoms truth, and for his darling flock,
Draws living water from a heav'nly rock;
For penitents he heaves condoling sighs,
Next to their tears a grateful sacrifice!
Though skill'd in tongues of men and seraphs' lore,
Meek charity he clasps, and prizes more;
Hope, ever fair, his blissful dreams inspires,
And faith excludes e'en innocent desires;
Suns rise to view this habitant of clay,
To light approaching nearer ev'ry day:
Till, "Hither!" calls the Lamb; the Spirit cries,
"By soft transition mingle with the skies!"
But what dire tumults kindle in my breast,
Marring ideas of celestial rest?
Still must this heart, O Eloisa, prove
The wretched theatre of guilt and love?
By our youth's flight, by Eloisa's wrongs,
By the worst calumny of pious tongues,
By that abhorred night's consummate woes,
Oh! spare me, love, and leave me to repose.

Alas!

Alas ! the recreant's pray'r that pow'r disdains,
 He fires my heart, and triumphs in my pains :
 All Eloisa rises to my view,
 My former wounds, now deepen'd, bleed anew.
 What charms with thine, my spouse, can I compare ?
 A woman's fondness, and a cherub's air ;
 A blush of mildness breaking on the sight,
 Like emanating beams of new-born light ;
 A breath more sweet than all Arabia blows ;
 Lips that excel the ruby and the rose ;
 On these, as bees on fragrant roses play,
 I could in kisses wear my life away.
 Thy eyes diffuse inimitable fire ;
 Thy voice might warble with a seraph's lyre,
 Soft as expiring notes at distance die,
 And gentle as the murmur of a sigh.
 But, oh ! thy breast, inspiring vast delight,
 Luxuriant fancy whelms with dazzling white ;
 Thy graceful motion and thy shape conspire
 To feed the flame of love's immortal fire.
 With wonder I grow giddy while I gaze,
 And lose my soul in beauty's charming maze.

Hence ! gay delusions of warm Fancy's pow'r,
 Years of remorse are paid for riot's hour.
 The blush that kindled and reprov'd desire,
 The whisper'd languish, and the waking fire,
 The soul-diffusing softness of the dove,
 With all the melting luxury of love,
 Can charm no more—But in their place arise
 Dire horrors, scalding tears, and ceaseless sighs.
 Ye pathless caverns, in your hopeless gloom,
 A monster from the face of man intomb !

Whelm

Whelm him, ye seas ! ye winds, disperse his frame !
Wrap him, ye lightnings, in your livid flame !
Unfold, ye furies, your dark realms below,
And snatch from memory my guilt and woe !

When solemn night led on her starry train,
While momentary slumbers held their reign ;
Before the altar late methought I stood,
Dispensing to the croud celestial food.
What time I shar'd the Saviour's mystic sign,
I felt conviction, energy divine !
I look'd, and lo ! the God who mangled bore
The sins of humankind, debas'd no more.
All-glorious from the sepulchre he rose
With gifts for men, and benefits for foes.
Around him angels, clust'ring with their wings,
Struck their bold harps, and hail'd him King of
kings,

Devolving in full tide the void along,
High-warbled melody from soothing song.
Satan, like lightning, at that moment fell,
In adamantine bonds consign'd to hell ;
He fell, and mounting, smil'd Heav'n's victor lord,
Bright clouds invested him, and saints ador'd.
Glitt'ring with foil-less gems a crown he wore,
Whose diadem was pointed thorn before ;
The cross triumphant blaz'd with tenfold noon,
Beneath his feet eclips'd the sun and moon ;
Mild youth and majesty shone in his face,
His eyes diffus'd unutterable grace.
" Hither ! all ye who thirst for life," he cried,
" And live, abundantly with health supplied."

Within

Within me then a gentle whisper stole,
"Now banish Eloisa from thy soul."
A dawning with too lent its feeble aid,
And for release from love almost I pray'd.
The God I follow'd with my aching sight,
Till nature fainted in the panting flight.
With saints immaculate above he reigns,
And sinners leaves to voluntary stains.

How worthless is the learning of the schools !
No stoic yet was made by rigid rules ;
The highest efforts of the reas'ning art,
That teach the tongue to combat with the heart,
Like wind to fire, dilate the fatal flame,
We quickly imitate the men we blame.
Crown'd with the honors won in wisdom's field,
Could I have thought that I to love should yield,
Who painted virtue fair, and bade aspire
Where saints reside, while angels tune the lyre ?
But, Eloisa, my repose's foe !
The swift transition of my cares you know :
How soon philosophy resign'd its arms,
And rhetoric was brib'd to plead thy charms.
What cruel fate my torment then approv'd ?
I gaz'd, admir'd, and, ere I knew, I lov'd.
Yet, scorning hypocritic sages' lore,
I ne'er had stoop'd to passion's lure before.
Objects that others fancied fair, I deem'd
For features merely with disgrace esteem'd.
But wit, irradiating a form divine,
My nobler passion fir'd at virtue's shrine.
What arguments were us'd need I repeat,
(The tutor turn'd a suppliant at your feet)

Till

214 ABELARD to ELOISA.

Till you consented gen'rously to rove,
Through all the labyrinth of flow'ry love ?
Delightful day ! when, ev'ry doubt resign'd,
We liv'd but one, and mingled mind with mind ;
Esteem's warm pledges form'd our dear employ,
While words were found too rude to speak our joy.
My rapid murmurs prov'd my trembling frame
Glow'd then with more than friendship's feeble
flame.

In fable chains loose flow'd your graceful hair,
With pride I view'd what might a king ensnare ;
Your lovely bosom heav'd with frequent sighs,
And all your soul spoke rapture in your eyes.
What smiles remov'd each trace of groundless fear !
What broken whispers thrill'd your lover's ear !
Sweet as the fragrance of th' exhaling rose,
When vernal zephyr o'er the garden blows ;
So softly gales, that lull the birds, pervade
The lone recesses of the moon-light shade ;
Till our fond hearts on floods of bliss were tost,
And in the boundless transport life was lost.
Sometimes a victim to love's scorching flame,
I dare e'en now thy delicacy blame.
" We still had happy liv'd above the croud,"
I cry, " had Eloisa not been proud : "
Forgetting that a passion so sublime,
Will spread thy name through long-revolving time :
Poets unborn shall in thy praise combine ;
What once was criminal shall be divine.
Heav'ns ! when for ever in a dreary cell,
With penitence and pray'r you vow'd to dwell,

With

With what a glow of youth, and smiling face,
 Confirm'd serenity and heav'nly grace,
 You bade adieu to earth's contemned toys,
 A candidate alone for deathless joys.
 This from my bosom might distrust remove,
 And vain the dread of earthly rivals prove;
 Yet in a convent lastingly immur'd,
 By friends forsaken, and from love secur'd,
 While youth with sprightly pulse beat in the blood,
 And all her roses were but in the bud:
 What stern-ey'd stoic could refuse a tear?
 What faint unmov'd could her profession hear?
 From fields where flow'rs perpetual bloom display,
 From fields of rosy light and endless day,
 Spirits of rest! with visions bless her nights:
 Visions, bright antepasts of heav'n's delights!
 With solemn Cynthia vigils oft I keep,
 And o'er some melancholy marble weep.
 While thoughts desultory, like billows, roll,
 That range the globe, and visit either pole;
 Present, or past, alike dejects my soul. }
 'Twixt pain and pleasure what a scene of strife!
 But woe, predominating, clouds my life.
 My fortune early from my friends disjoin'd,
 And all my av'rice riches of the mind.
 (For what are India's gems and sparkling ore,
 To wisdom's charms and wit's unfading store?)
 Mad mischief meditating, Envy view'd,
 Religious slander soon my steps pursu'd;
 Then Eloisa's love, my cruel doom,
 And, living, both pale tenants of a tomb.

216 ABELARD to ELOISA.

For my poor bosom only now remain,
 Exhaustless sorrows and distracting pain ;
 All the gay scenes, that were my constant theme,
 Have left me, like a fair delusive dream.
 Songs once I wrote, now preaching is my care,
 For am'rous pastimes penance doom'd to bear.
 He who clasp'd beauty, crown'd with flow'ry bloom,
 Lies in a dormitory's lonely gloom,
 Where level'd heroes, sleeping grandfires, spread
 Through the still cloisters monumental dread.
 A wretched exile on a barb'rous shore,
 My native language charms my ear no more.
 From marble hearts what comfort could I gain ?
 I tell my suff'rings to the stormy main :
 As if the stormy main would milder grow,
 And sympathise with tearful tales of woe.
 Could my dear Eloise the abbey view,
 She would not think that sacred name its due.
 What ornaments adorn the pompous doors !
 The feet of hinds, and horrid heads of boars :
 Of hideous animals the hides appear,
 The cells are cover'd with the skins of deer.
 No solemn bell re-echoes round the walls,
 But the shrill cock or dog to matins calls.
 On pamper'd steeds with noisy horns they bound,
 And pleasure court upon forbidden ground.
 Yet these are venial faults to what I dread,
 The sword suspended at a slender thread.
 With loud abuse they load, if I complain,
 Then flee my sight, a froward titt'ring train !
 By my vast wrongs to merit I desire,
 And try to kindle piety's chaste fire.

Oh !

“ Oh ! God,” I cry, “ from thy transcendent throne
 “ Of light and life, make thy compassion known ! ”
 But earth-born sighs soon interrupt my pray’r,
 And Eloisa still I fancy fair :
 A thousand times I call on thy dear name,
 Each repetition fans my former flame.

Let my idea ne’er from thee depart !
 Profoundly press the signet on thy heart.
 The lover’s idol makes the soul its slave,
 And jealousy sways cruel as the grave.
 ’Tis grief, contempt, aversion, fierce desire,
 A secret, but a sure-consuming fire.
 Though I have vow’d to love thee never more,
 I here recant it, for I rashly swore.
 O Eloisa, can I coldly view
 The mighty debt of gratitude thy due ?
 What torture hast thou spar’d me ! if I fear
 Thy constancy, where doubts to none appear.

Curse on the savage author of my woe !
 Friendship’s warm pleasures may he never know !
 Damn’d to his coffers, may he still suppose
 That all mankind are his united foes !
 Grant, Heav’n, that he may live a ling’ring date,
 Dreaded by children, crush’d by age’s weight !
 May thieves diminish as he heaps his store,
 And the vile dotard, sighing, gripe for more !
 In his remembrance only leave his crime,
 No cheerful sonnet to deceive the time !

Our present punishment we sadly know,
 But shall we thus all future pain forego ?
 Ah ! no, repentance must to cleanse begin,
 None enter heav’n’s bright portals stain’d with sin.

Far from the altar see ! yon fair who feels
The pow'r of penitence, and humbly kneels ;
Deep anguish in her countenance appears,
Her tresses loose, her eyes dissolv'd in tears :
The horrors of the past assault her mind,
Outcast of good ! where can she succour find ?
Shall she for pardon the great God implore,
When 'tis almost a sin for her t' adore ?
Her soul distracted at the prospect lies,
She wrings her hands, and only, " Mercy !" cries ;
While Heav'n itself, affected at her woe,
Absolves her, and forbids her tears to flow.
Thus, Eloisa, we'll forgiveness seek,
Sighing petitions which we dare not speak.
And while from guilt we struggle for release,
Who knows but God at last may whisper peace ?
But souls like our's, so deeply plung'd in crime,
Content recover, and refine by time ;
For absent pleasures often must we sigh,
And often must we wish, yet dread to die ;
Till hoary age, the messenger of truth !
Detects the sophistries that dazzled youth.
As when his prince recalls an exile home,
O'er desert solitudes long forc'd to roam,
Or tost in tempests on the raging main,
He views with joy his native shore again :
Our crimes forgiv'n, such is the bliss to die,
With such a pleasure souls remount the sky.
Oh ! when this scene of vanity and guilt,
Where pride hath loftily her palace built,
Shall trembling own a far superior pow'r,
While vice grows pale within the wanton bow'r ;

What time the sun no more shall shed his ray,
To gild the flow'ry scene, and give the day;
Night call no more, from realms to sage unknown,
Her golden myriads round her azure throne;
May we together rise, devoid of shame,
Our bosoms glowing with a nobler flame!
Deck'd with new youth, and in unfading vests,
May the Spouse welcome us, immortal guests!
Where only friendship no reverse can fear,
And, without anguish, triumphs love sincere;
Where ever flows, unruffled, joy's full tide,
From God's own fount with purest streams supplied.

On Mr. POPE's Epistle of

ELOISA to ABELARD.

STRUCK with a sense of Eloisa's woe,
And proud his homage to the sex to shew;
One grateful poet has so rais'd her name,
That those who envy, want the heart to blame.

F I N I S.

Just Published,

Six SÈLECT DRAMATIC PIECES; some of which have been acted on Provincial Theatres, others written for Private Performance, and Country Amusement. In one Volume 8vo, 7s. bound.

FULMER's Young Gardner's Best Companion for the Management of the Pleasure-Ground and Flower-Garden, in one Volume, 12mo; and for the Kitchen and Fruit Garden, in another Volume of the same size, 3s. each bound.

GEOGRAPHY FOR YOUTH; or, an easy Introduction to the Science of Geography, for the Use of Young Gentlemen and Ladies, illustrated with eleven Maps. In 12mo, 3s. 6d. bound.

HOYLE's GAMES, greatly enlarged and corrected by Charles Jones; consisting of practical Treatises on Whist, Quadrille, Piquet, Chess, Back Gammon, Draughts, Cricket, Tennis, Quinze, Hazard, Lansquenet, and Billiards. In 12mo, 3s. bound.

LONDON SONGSTER, or Musical Companion, containing 544 of the newest and most favourite Songs, Catches, Cantatas, &c. In 18mo, 2s. 6d. bound.